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Marcus Adams.

LADY FRANK AND HER TWO SONS

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COUNTRY LIFE

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Salmon Fishing in 1930

NOW that the end of the salmon fishing season of 1930 is in sight, it is possible to look back and to take stock. Up to nearly the end of June it had all the appearance of being about the blackest year on record. Last season there was a marked scarcity of the four and four and half year classes, the small spring and small summer salmon which went down to the sea as smolts in the spring of 1927. This shortage was most pronounced in the rivers which flow into the Atlantic, those whose entry is into the North Sea not being so severely affected. Anglers were, therefore, prepared in 1930 for a deficiency in the five and five and a half year classes, the large spring and large summer fish which came from the same smolt migration. This duly happened, but there was in addition again a scarcity of the four and four and a half year salmon, possibly even more so than in 1929, so that empty pools were in consequence the rule rather than the exception.

Last year there had been a very good run of the five and five and a half year fish, and consequently a more than average influx of the very big salmon was anticipated, the six year olds which had spent four years at sea. This came about, and the number of forty and fifty pounders killed definitely marks the past season as a "big fish" year. But, although this is very gratifying for the lucky folk who happen to meet these leviathans, it is not of much consolation to other anglers, for six year olds are very rarely found outside our biggest rivers.

Smolts from our smaller streams, especially the moorland and mountain type, very seldom stay in the sea more

than three years after migrating, and even the five-year fish are vastly in the minority compared with the small spring and summer salmon of four and four and a half years which, in the average season, form something like 80 per cent. of the stock. The first half of 1930, therefore, except for a good show of the biggest fish in the largest rivers, was a complete and utter failure in most of our streams. In some cases less than a dozen salmon were landed by rods, while, in spite of low water, the nets had also done little or nothing. Then, just as anglers were becoming resigned to the state of affairs, the nets nearly everywhere suddenly began to find grilse in quite unusual numbers. For a time this was of no use to the rods. The rivers were dead low, and to all appearances we were in for just such another summer as 1929. In mid-July, however, the weather broke and there came a long spell of wet. Curiously enough, the grilse in many rivers did not take advantage of the earliest spates, and although the nets had been catching them freely for some time, hardly a fish ran in the first few floods. It seemed as if they were uncertain if the fresh water would last and feared to become marooned in some tiny pool. Presently their doubts appeared to be settled and up-stream they flocked in numbers beyond the memory of many anglers. On the west coast of Ireland occurred the biggest grilse run for thirty-five years, and in other rivers a better run than in 1924, which was the last good grilse season. This influx was welcome in more ways than one. It saved 1930 from being a complete failure, and even more propitious is the hope it holds for the future.

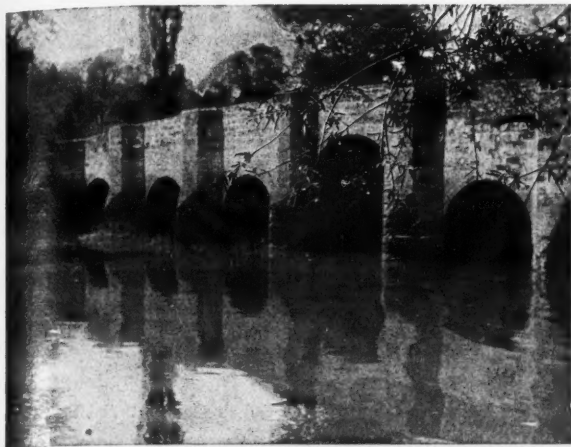
What makes a good grilse year? It is said that like begets like; spring fish breed spring fish, and the offspring of autumn salmon will only run late in the year. But this can hardly be the case with grilse, whose good years come at such uncertain and irregular intervals. During the past century there has been a marked decline in many rivers of the north which hitherto had regular grilse runs, and a corresponding increase in the smallest salmon classes. It would appear, indeed, that, for some unknown reason, more and more smolts are staying an extra year in the sea before returning to spawn. To what cause, then, can we ascribe odd years of plenty such as 1930? One of the most critical periods in the life of the salmon is undoubtedly that when it first reaches salt water as a smolt five or six inches long and two to four years of age. In English rivers the majority are the former age, but as we go farther north the tendency for the young fish to stay three or four years in fresh water increases.

It may be, of course, that grilse years result from conditions in the sea being very favourable when the smolt shoals arrive. An abundance of suitable food, no doubt, promotes rapid growth and may induce earlier sexual maturity. It is interesting to remember that the spring of 1929 was remarkable for the immense shoals of smolts which could be seen going seawards in April and May. In the lower reaches of some rivers these hordes made trout fishing almost impossible, for no sooner were the flies in the water than they were seized by smolts, long before any trout had a chance to take them.

In any case, it is curious that so good a grilse year should follow an exceptionally dry and cold winter and spring like that of 1929, when almost arctic conditions prevailed right up to the end of April. The sea round our coasts must have been much lower in temperature than usual. The previous really good grilse year of 1924 followed a very wet, warm spring. With all this uncertainty, it is a pity that a prominent official of the Fishery Board should have stated recently that in his opinion research work into the causes of the scarcity of salmon is "only of academic interest." It should not be forgotten that the salmon fisheries of Great Britain and Ireland are the most important in Europe.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Frank, wife of Sir Howard Frank, G.B.E., K.C.B., and their two sons, Howard and Robert.



COUNTRY NOTES.

THIS week H.R.H. the Duke of York plays himself into office as Captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews by driving off his ball, which is retrieved by expectant caddies. It is sad to think that there will be one gap in the privileged group that stands on the first teeing ground with the new captain, since Mr. W. T. Linskill, who had not missed the ceremony for over half a century, died last year. There will, no doubt, be a great crowd, almost as great as nearly killed the Prince of Wales with kindness eight years ago. It is not the Duke's first experience of the kind, since he hit a fine tee shot some while back in opening the course in Richmond Park. The ordeal at St. Andrews is one requiring a three o'clock in the morning courage, since, in order that all the medal players may get round in daylight, the captain must drive off punctually at eight, often in a cold, raw, rimy atmosphere and after a hurried breakfast. Anybody might be forgiven for feeling stiff and topping his drive in such conditions, and it is remarkable how well, on the whole, successive captains acquit themselves.

WHILE the Duke of York is driving at St. Andrews, Mr. Bobby Jones trying to win his fourth championship at Philadelphia and the professionals fighting in the *News of the World* Tournament at Oxhey, hundreds of humbler players will, presumably, be putting down drain pipes through dolls' houses and over cardboard mountains. The game called midget or Tom Thumb golf seems at the moment to be sweeping across this country like a prairie fire, and it is a sign of the times that a course is to be laid out in the Charing Cross Underground Station. The older public putting greens, such as those in Hyde Park or Lincoln's Inn Fields, cut a very unexciting figure beside these ingenious and grotesque courses, which are being made everywhere in pious imitation of America. Yet we shall not be surprised if the straightforward game survives when the fantastic one is dead as a door-nail. That midget golf is very good fun for a short while, especially after a good lunch and in seductive company, may be freely granted. Whether it has more enduring virtues remains to be seen.

ALTHOUGH the flower borders are still possessed of the beauty of the stalwarts of autumn and the last stragglers of summer, and the shrubbery and the landscape have yet to be enriched with the glories of falling leaf and brilliant berry, we are virtually at the end of the garden year. The season will not pass without a pang of regret, for, on the whole, despite the dripping skies of July and August, it has provided bounteous favours. Now that the year is on the wane comes the time for reflection and a quiet review of the results of the season, as well as for creation and replenishment. It is with the hope that fresh ideas will be gained from its pages and that its illustrations

may serve to encourage and stimulate gardening effort that we draw attention to the Garden Supplement at the end of this number. It is now that successes are registered and failures noted, and plans laid accordingly for the future. The planting season is at hand for the vast majority of garden plants, and it is always as well to prepare the lists of additions and renewals while the existing plants are still in leaf and while mistakes in planning and arrangement may be obviated.

THERE must have been many people who felt the keenest regret when the Exhibition of English Mediæval Art at the Victoria and Albert Museum closed last Saturday. Although it did not attract large numbers of the public and was never crowded, those who went once could not but help wanting to go again and again. Never before has there been such a representative exhibition of our Gothic art in all its varied phases and manifestations. We have seen many separate exhibitions of embroideries, of furniture, of illuminated manuscripts and paintings, but hitherto no attempt had been made to gather together in a single collection examples of all branches of English mediæval art. The museum's possessions formed the nucleus of the exhibition, but many of the finest treasures were generously loaned by private owners. Owing to the wholesale destruction wrought at the Reformation and later on under the Commonwealth, English mediæval art is fragmentary when compared with what has been preserved on the Continent. But this exhibition showed us, among other things, how very much more has been spared than we are accustomed to think. During the last few months we have illustrated in a series of articles some of the finest examples of woodwork and embroidery, of the precious plate and the illuminated manuscripts which went to make up this rich assemblage. They will serve as a pleasant record now that the treasure has been dispersed.

URSULINE.

Not with thy pain, but with mine known and scorned,
O delicately fair! take thou thy place
among those women that beauty has suborned
by mere excess of her prevailing grace.
Perilous as autumn woods with death adorned
and the read leaf, deciduous in embrace
let thy new lover by thy first be warned
that those are snowbound lilies in thy face.
And what will thaw discover but the low drop
of curtained eyelids over eyes half-seen,
or in the whiter breast than the first snowdrop
the pale refusal of an Ursuline?
O April thou and winter! wilt thou cozen
this fool until he freeze, as I am frozen?

HUMBERT WOLFE.

WE have often called attention to the ever-increasing danger to the public caused by the fact that heavy motor 'buses and chars-à-bancs are still allowed to use narrow, winding and high-hedged country lanes, and we are glad to see that Mr. W. M. Childs has just called attention to what has actually happened on a short stretch of the Bournemouth-Birmingham road about two miles north of Newbury. Here the road is narrow, sinuous and so deep that it is often impossible to see whether the way is clear. During this summer, it is publicly stated, forty accidents have taken place on this stretch of road within a single fortnight, and as many as six in one day. This orgy of bloodshed culminated in a serious disaster a fortnight ago, when two motor coaches, one from Bournemouth and one from Birmingham, crashed into one another head-on. The scene is described as one of indescribable confusion. One driver was killed on the spot, the other badly injured and forty passengers were also injured. The Coroner remarked that "only by crawling" could two such tremendous omnibuses pass one another in safety on this stretch of road. The implication was that this particular piece of road should be straightened and widened, and this may be true. But the matter is of far more than local significance. All the country lanes of England cannot be ruled out into straight lines in order to avoid the natural results of the dangerous driving of chars-à-bancs

and omnibuses. As we have said before, the only remedy—apart from a proper limitation of speed of these heavy vehicles—is for local authorities to schedule narrow roads and lanes from which such vehicles should be entirely excluded.

IT looks as if the new scheme for a tunnel under the river, which has been seriously discussed this week, may prove to be the ultimate solution of the Charing Cross Bridge problem. Up till now one plan after another has been put forward, but each in turn has laid itself open to criticism either on the score of excessive cost or insufficient regard for the needs of traffic or the claims of architecture. The tunnel would automatically dissolve the majority of these objections. In the first place, it would be an infinitely cheaper scheme. The railway company, by having its station underground, would no longer be obliged to move to the south side of the river, and hundreds of thousands of people who find Charing Cross the most accessible of all the London termini would be saved a great deal of inconvenience. The main problem would be to discover a suitable site where the road tunnels might emerge. But this ought not to prove so very difficult. It should be possible for them to pass under the Strand and come up somewhere beside the Edith Cavell memorial, thus disposing of the principal traffic difficulty, which was one of the main objections to most of the bridge schemes. New York has already built a great series of tunnels under the Hudson River, but these had to be driven through sheer rock instead of the soft London clay. The adoption of the tunnel scheme would, at any rate, be far less costly than the majority of the bridge projects, and it would have the additional advantage of leaving the valuable site on the south bank unencumbered for future development.

IT is hard to say which is the more romantic personage, the pirate or the smuggler. If one side can produce John Silver, the other can reply with Dirk Hatteraick. The pirate of the old Jolly Roger type is extinct and the smuggler is no longer very romantic. To what extent he actually exists is a doubtful question. There has been some talk lately of much smuggling along the southern coast, and especially in Sussex, once the county of the famous "hollow ways." The excisemen, however, do not agree. They admit that there is smuggling here and there, but only to a mild extent, that the smuggler has hard work to get rid of his goods, and that he is always liable to be "given away" by his friends and neighbours. Once upon a time the whole countryside, headed by the parson, was in more or less open alliance with the "gentlemen" and thought of the Customs House officers as "revenue sharks." To-day smuggling is, by comparison, a sordid and unpopular business, and without popular sympathy it will never flourish as it did in the days of cutlasses. That, at least, is what the excisemen say.

AT a time when arable farmers in this country are finding it almost impossible to pay their way, any efforts which can be made to reduce the costs of cereal production are bound to be welcomed. The agricultural tractor trials, which were held at Ardington, near Wantage, under the auspices of the Royal Agricultural Society, last week, were, therefore, especially valuable in demonstrating the most efficient and economical means of land cultivation. It is significant that the tests were carried out in a part of England famous for its draught horses, Lockinge Park, which was the scene of this mechanical invasion, having given its name to many famous champions. No fewer than thirty-three different types of tractor took part in the trials, which enabled comparisons to be made between their relative efficiency on different kinds of soil. Especially interesting was the success of two new types of British tractor which are driven by crude oil in place of paraffin or petrol. It is claimed for them that they will reduce the cost of ploughing by at least 75 per cent. The superiority shown by the British tractors over their foreign competitors, which was one of the features of the trials, is a welcome tribute to the enterprise of our manufacturers.

TUESDAY in this week was the hundredth anniversary of the burial of William Hazlitt. How many people read Hazlitt nowadays? It is hard to say, but it is easy to say that they are fewer than they ought to be, and that many more would enjoy him if they had only the courage to embark on him. People are frightened of Hazlitt because they fancy him too exclusively "literary," a superior person above the "common reader's" head. If this too modest reader would but try, he would find some of the most delightful, straightforward and spirited of all writing on things having nothing in the world to do with books. There is the essay in which Hazlitt describes going for a walk, how he loves to go by himself, starts some game of his own "on these lone heaths" and revels in the entire freedom of being known only as the gentleman in the parlour. Never was there jollier writing, if we may so call it, on the joys of the open air. And then, of course, there is that noble eulogy on Cavanagh, the fives player, who made the joints tremble on the spits with his tremendous blows against the wall of the kitchen, and the story of the fight in which Big Bill Neate made a "red ruin" of the Gas Light Man's face. To read only those three essays would surely make a convert who would ask for many more.

GOLD AND SILVER IN SEPTEMBER.

I would not trade September days
For all the gold of Midas' store,
For golden lie the fields of corn
Before my door.
The mellow plums and apples ripe
Hang in the trees like golden balls,
And golden glows the harvest moon
When evening falls.

I would not trade September nights
For all the silver of the mines,
For silver swirls the evening mist
Beneath the pines.
And silver every blade of grass
Where stiff with frost the meadows lie,
And silver every studded star
In cloudless sky.

Nor gold nor silver give to me,
For I have more than I can spend.
Such garnered store as memory
Shall keep intact until the end.
And when earth's pageantry shall pass,
I'd take one treasure to the shade—
A golden harvest moon that glows
Across a silver-chequered glade.

PHYLLIS HARTNOLL.

THIS is the time of year when, in the country, housewives begin to set about the storing of fruit for home use during the winter—not by any means as easy a task as it might seem. The chief difficulty, especially with apples, is to select the right fruit for storage at the time of picking. The test of lifting the apple gently to see whether it parts easily from the tree is well known, but very often too little care is taken to prevent bruising while the fruit is being carried to the store, and nothing is more disappointing when the long nights draw in and the decanter makes its way round the shining table than to find that the once-glowing red and green apples are bruised and shrivelled or that the walnuts come from the still-room with a damp and horrid coat of mildew. All of which means that the greatest of care must be taken over temperature and dryness. Nor should it be forgotten that apples must be stored in darkness. As for pears, as every housewife knows, the difficulty is to strike those few happy hours when the fruit is exactly ripe. An unripe pear is a terrible thing to any man, but when the crimson or scarlet glow of the pear begins to deepen, when the skin becomes more golden, then is the time to select your fruit and carry it to the table. In warmer climes it may be more pleasant, as Ovid said, to pick an apple from the branch than to take it from the dish, but in England there are few delights to compare with the glowing fruits of the dessert table.

BURTON PARK STUD in WEST SUSSEX



MARES AND FOALS AT BURTON PARK STUD: VOLCANIC ON RIGHT.

MY visit to the Burton Park Stud happened in the early days of last month. Major J. S. Courtauld, M.P., its owner, had not yet set a course for the north, as is customary with him on the eve of the "Twelfth." I, therefore, had the added pleasure of his company. Goodwood, near by, which is, naturally, a favoured hunting ground for horses bearing the Courtauld colours, had just been left behind for another year. The fact that it is in the Chichester Parliamentary constituency is another reason why it is ideal that Courtauld luck at Goodwood should touch its peak. Sometimes his horses win there. Sometimes they do not! If racehorses were only a little bit more intelligent!

Burton Park and Lavington Park are neighbours. The latter, as you must know, is Lord Woolavington's home in this very beautiful part of a glorious county—Sussex. I have often written of it and its noble thoroughbreds. Both parks may be said to find their well ordered seclusion in the lee of those West Sussex downlands and woodlands of impressive dignity that ultimately find such joyous expression on the plateau of Goodwood racecourse itself.

You may not know—it is given to the acquisitive to learn in these matters—that Burton Park is mentioned in Domesday Book. Therein you see the stamp of antiquity which helps so much to light up one's imagination and conjure up in the mind the difference between then and now, the difference between life at the period of the Conquest and in these days when, though the maintenance of estates must be a burden, the grasslands can here and there be adorned by mares and their yearling and foal offspring, grazing and lazing in the most perfect peace and contentment.

Never do I have the privilege of visiting one of the breeding studs of this country without recalling the words of the late Lord Rosebery in a speech at a Gimcrack Club dinner thirty-three years ago. "So far as I am concerned," he said, "the amusements of the Turf do not lie on the racecourse; they lie in the breeding of a horse; in that most delightful furniture of any park or enclosure, the brood mare and the foal; in watching the development of the foal, the growth of the horse, and the exercise of the horse at home. But," he added, "I don't believe even that would be sufficient if we had not some secret ambition to lure us on."

Every breeder is, of course, being lured on by those ambitions which are to be won at Epsom, Ascot, Doncaster, Goodwood,

Newmarket and, indeed, on every racecourse. Major Courtauld is no exception. He will, I most sincerely hope, win classic races with a horse or horses of his own breeding. Already he has come within measurable distance, as I shall relate. The outer he has registered on the target will one day be a bull. It is just a question of time, a little luck, no doubt, when sound foundations of a stud, judicious matings, careful selection and intelligent discarding from year to year, and generous feeding and rearing shall have their inevitable reward.

I mentioned just now that Burton Park had received honourable mention in Domesday Book. It is referred to as "Bodecton," of which "Burton" appears to be a corruption, though I have no liking for that word "corruption." Shall we say an "improvement" or "derivation"? The place was allotted by the obliging Conqueror to the family of St. John, who, we are told, paid an annual tribute to the Crown of 280 eels from the fish ponds. I suppose the lakes I saw at Burton are really no other than the "fish ponds" of yesterday. The first of the line of St. John would certainly not possess the motor boat which I saw operating with under-water scissors or scythes. It was making war against weeds in the interests of the first of the Courtaulds.

To continue my short page of history: Burton Park in the Middle Ages was passed by marriage to the Gorings, in whose family it remained until 1895, when the property was purchased by Sir Douglas Hall, from whom Major Courtauld acquired it. Over a century ago the house was partly destroyed by fire, to be re-built as at present, except that I know Major Courtauld has carried out certain big changes in the internal architecture. I expect Burton has never been the very attractive and most delightful place it is to-day.

When Major Courtauld purchased the property the estate extended to about 1,500 acres. He has added another 500. The stud farm, with its quite elegant buildings, was brought into existence a very few years ago. It has been arranged about a mile or so from the house, which I ought perhaps to call a mansion. At present the paddocks extend to about seventy acres. Much more grassland can, of course, be taken in at short notice, so to say. Let it be clearly understood that the land is of that limestone character which, it is generally recognised, is by far the best of all for the rearing of thoroughbred horses. Only ten inches below the surface is the rock.

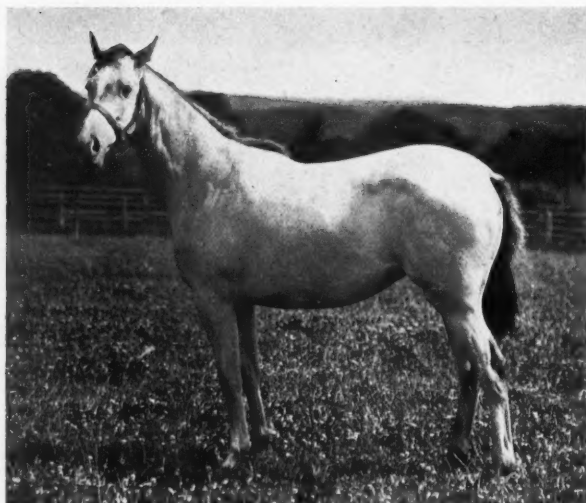
The main buildings—they are just boxes for



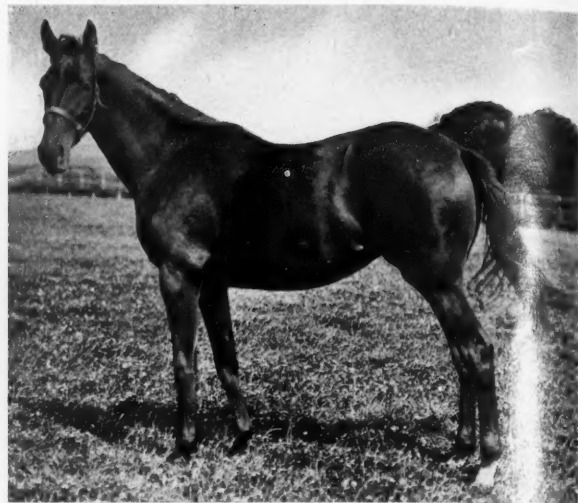
Frank Griggs.

CYCLONIC.

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PISTOIA, A YEARLING FILLY BY POLTAVA—PISIDIA.



RELICT, A YEARLING FILLY BY LEGATEE—LAD ORB.

mares and foals or yearlings—form three sides of an oblong facing south. The prospect is pleasing. It ensures the maximum of warmth and that sunshine on which young bloodstock depend so much. In the near distance, across a narrow tranquil grass valley, rises a wooded hill which must afford wonderful shooting with rare high birds when the leaf is off in November. Behind the buildings are sheltered paddocks. The smart stud of today is far different from the stud farm of old times. Rough and tumble amounting to disorder was allowed to prevail. Efficiency, perhaps, there was, but without order and that striving after appearances which go so far in making the personnel so proud of their place and, therefore, keener on their work.

The Burton Park Stud farm buildings are the last word in comfort for the occupants and in good taste in design and maintenance. No doubt Major Courtauld owes much in this respect to his very able agent, Captain Holland. The exteriors are in cream and black colours with the doors looking most effective in a green Solignum treatment. The surrounds, instead of being of the usual concrete, are of tan. It means there are no casualties from slipping. Here, in this spot, with a carefully kept lawn centre, are eighteen boxes. There are four more behind and a further four at the home farm for the special accommodation of weaned foals.

Undoubtedly Cyclonic is the best horse bred at Burton Park. I should say the best horse Major Courtauld has ever owned is Legatee—at any rate, his clever trainer, Basil Jarvis, would say so, though I know what a high regard he had for Cyclonic. That



DAVY JONES, A YEARLING COLT BY PHAROS—PANIC.

last-named horse (of which an excellent illustration is given) was sired by Hurry On, who is living his life at Lavington Park Stud near-by. His dam, Volcanic, was by Corcyra from La Soufrière, by Robert le Diable. I well remember Volcanic, and so well Frank Bullock, the ex-jockey, who is now training with success in France. The scene was in the paddock at Goodwood ten years ago. I

saw a chestnut filly, rather light of physique, sweating a lot. Maybe, I thought, she was over-excited at the prospect of racing. Maybe I was certainly right! Frank Bullock was given the leg up, and Volcanic lost no time in putting him back on the ground. Again the same thing happened: just quietly up and roughly down. At the third time of asking Frank Bullock definitely became the master, but he could not have then believed he was so soon afterwards to win the Lavant Stakes by three lengths. She simply came from nowhere, as it appeared in the race, to paralyse the hot favourite, Nymphida, who was not even second.

For Volcanic as a yearling Major Courtauld gave 2,500 guineas at Doncaster. She was, indeed, the first yearling he bought, and so it is rather appropriate in that sense that she should have become the

chief foundation mare of his stud. I should scarcely have expected such to have happened after what I had seen of her tantrums in the Goodwood paddock that afternoon, and certainly one cannot reconcile such a memory with the ideal brood mare she is to-day. She is kindness itself in the matter of temperament, and she is neither too big nor too small, but has quality and, indeed, all the accepted attributes of the good foal producer.



Frank Griggs.

APPLEDRAM, A YEARLING COLT BY POMMERN—LADY DISDAIN.



Copyright.

AFFRIC, A YEARLING COLT BY TWELVE POINTER—VOLCANIC.



PANIC, WITH FILLY FOAL BY SOLARIO; A COLT FOAL BY WARDEN OF THE MARCHES—PISIDIA, BEHIND.

A filly named Panic, by Hurry On, was her first foal. Cyclonic, therefore, was the full brother of this first progeny. Next came one named Harmonic, by Tamar, who was one of Lord Astor's seconds for the Derby. Cyclonic was foaled in 1925, so that he is now rising six years old. In all he won five races of the total value of £11,172. They were races worth calling races, too, for he secured the Jockey Club Stakes (after a great finish with Lord Derby's Bosworth and others), the King Edward the Seventh Stakes at Ascot, and the Gordon Stakes at Goodwood. Then he was third to Fairway for the St. Leger, and on such form one is entitled to say that he was possessed of a distinct claim to class. Major Courtauld had no place for him at Burton Park. I am sure he is doing the right thing in keeping his own stud exclusively for the breeding of his own stock and not for the accommodation of all those visiting mares that must come to a public stallion. Thus it happens that Cyclonic's home to-day is at the Heath Stud, Newmarket, where he commands a fee of 98sovs. I think he will do well. His performances have been mentioned. Apart from that I have always thought he had the outstanding physical characteristics of his great sire, Hurry On. I mean he has commanding size, outlook, and true masculine character.

Legatee must be chosen as the best horse Major Courtauld has ever owned. I happened to be by the ringside when he was bought at Doncaster by Stanley Wootton for 6,200 guineas as a yearling. The son of Gay Crusader and Love Oil (the mare later passed into the possession of Lord Furness) was purchased on behalf of the late Sir Edward Hulton. When he died, and the colt, then named Legatee, had to come up for sale as a two year old, he was bought by Major Courtauld for 9,100 guineas. He had never run, but we may be sure he would never have made that price unless the knowledge had been fairly general that he had already been tried to be smart.

I have an idea that Legatee was never beaten during the time that Basil Jarvis trained him. Certainly that trainer believes he was a certainty for the Grand Prix (his English classic engagements having been voided through the death of Sir Edward Hulton) until he broke down on the very morning he was due to be sent to Paris. Legatee, by the way, is now at the Hamilton Stud, Newmarket, commanding a fee of 200 guineas.

Now as to the mares and their foals and yearlings I saw at Burton Park. Volcanic I have

written about. I have only to add that her filly foal is by Hurry On, and, being a sister to Cyclonic, has been neatly named Typhonic. Obviously, Major Courtauld believes in going back to the same sire once the mating has been approved on the racecourse. Panic, who I have mentioned as Volcanic's first foal (one feels in such constant danger of mixing up the "ic's"), has herself a filly foal named Solfatara, by Solario. She has this year been mated with Papyrus, in whom, by the way, Major Courtauld has a share. Volcanic, I should add, has once more been renewing the alliance with Hurry On.

I was rather interested in Beasdale because I saw a colt from her, by Craig an Eran, win the Stud Produce Stakes at Sandown



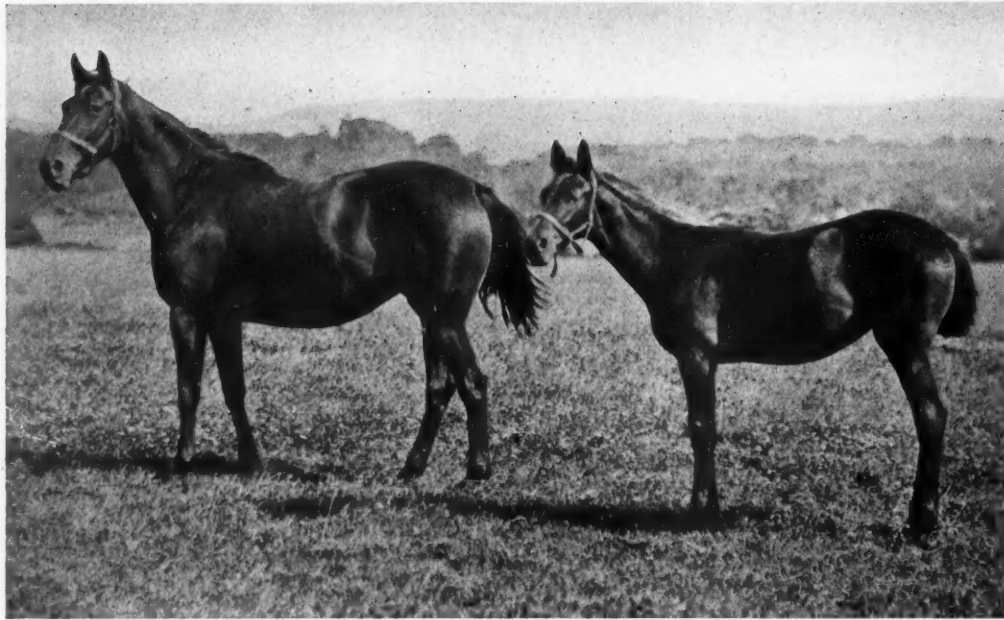
FOREQUARTER, WITH FILLY FOAL BY BACHELOR'S DOUBLE.



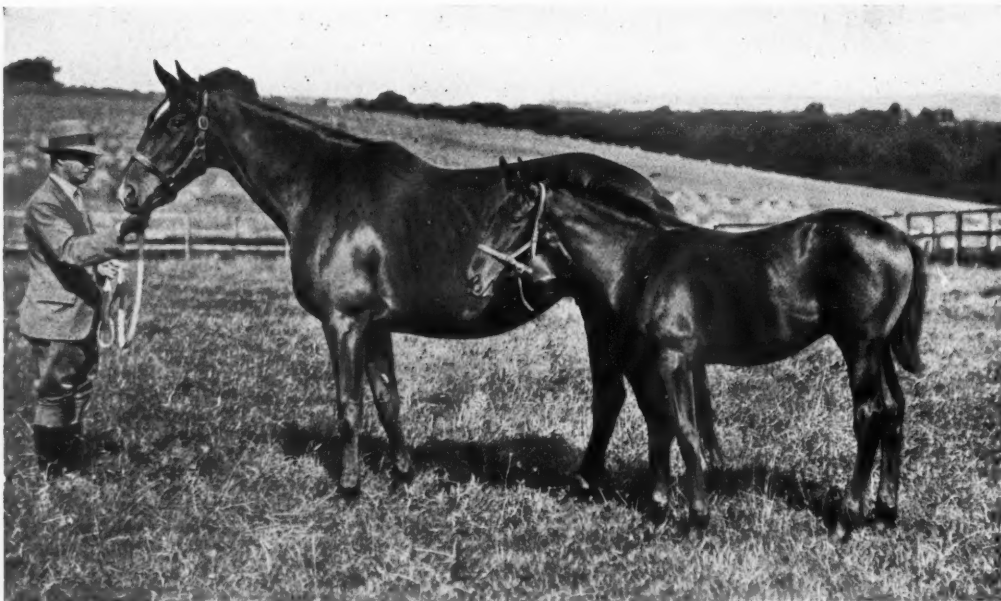
Frank Griggs.

BEASDALE, WITH FILLY FOAL BY PAPYRUS.

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LADY DISDAIN, WITH FILLY FOAL BY COLORADO.



CACHALOT, WITH COLT FOAL BY PAPYRUS.



Frank Griggs.

VOLCANIC, WITH FILLY FOAL BY HURRY ON.

Copyright.

Park this year. The colt is named Craig Bhan. Now, Beasdale is a nice young daughter of Lemberg and Edale, and you see her in the illustrations with a bay filly by Papyrus, named Kintyre. Her last mate was Salmon Trout, who, however, has yet to prove himself as a sire worthy of his own racing record.

If mares by The Tetrarch are going to be really valuable at the stud, then here is one of special value in Forequarter out of Lamb Mint, which sounds to me very much like Major McCalmont's breeding. This mare has a chestnut filly, Forsworn, by Bachelor's Double, and she was selected to fill the expensive nomination to Solario. A mare I like very much—as, indeed, I liked her in training—is Cachalot, by Hurry On from Harpoon. I believe quite a fair sum was given for her as a yearling, due not only to her sire, but to the dam having been a consistent breeder of winners. Her bay colt, named Orca, is by Papyrus, and she is looked upon now as being in foal to Ellangowan.

Lady Disdain, still another mare by Hurry On (this sire will impose careful mating on the stud as a whole because he is so well represented in it already), is from Lady Phoebe, a mare that was wonderfully speedy in her day and is the dam of a smart two year old this year in Fearsome. Her brown filly by Colorado has the imperfect fore legs which that horse had. The mare has been mated with Sansovino, who looks like being a great success in the near future.

Among others of the Burton Park Stud mares, mention can be made of Poeme, by Pommern from Marcareme (excellent winning blood this is on the dam's side at the moment), with a bay colt named Paean, by Gay Crusader and in foal to Warden of the Marches; Pisidia, by Swynford from Lælia, bought from Mr. Sanford, the American breeder, with a chestnut colt named Game Ranger, by Warden of the Marches and in foal to Cyclonic; Lady Orb, by Orby from Lady Edgar, in foal to Legatee; Shearwater, by Buchan from Birdswing, in foal to Tonton; Laniard, by Galloper

Light from Lanta, who, unfortunately, slipped twins to Legatee and has since been to Papyrus; Lady Hamilton, by Gainsborough from Quarter Deck, whose colt foal by Torelore died and who may next year have better luck with Cyclonic as the sire; Bucolic, by Buchan from Volcanic, who has been to Santorb; Royal Nun, by Friar Marcus from Princess St. George, whose filly foal by Obliterate died, but is now regarded as being in foal to Cyclonic; and, finally, Clotilda, by Papyrus from Clodagh, who, as a maiden mare, was also mated with Cyclonic. Clotilda I remember Major Courtauld buying when offered as a yearling by his trainer at Newmarket.

Eight yearlings I saw which have probably gone into training now with Basil Jarvis. Here is a list of them: Davy Jones, a colt by Pharos from Panic; Appledram, a colt by Pommern from Lady Disdain; Landfall, a colt by Obliterate from Laniard; Affric, a colt by Twelve Pointer from Volcanic; Diplome, a colt by Diophon from Poeme; Relict, a filly by Legatee from Lady Orb; Pistoia, a filly by Poltava from Pisidia; and Tuft, a filly by Tonton from Shearwater.

The excellent stud groom, V. Burningham, who, I am sure, knows his job, was good enough to show me these yearlings

individually. I liked well Davy Jones because he is a powerful young fellow that looks like making a three year old, while it is perhaps true that I am specially partial to Pharos, a horse I always admired. So, too, I can write with perfect truth good words about the Pommern—Lady Disdain (Appledram), Affric, who bears quite a striking resemblance to his sire, Twelve Pointer, as I remember him; and the racing-like lines of Relict, who reminds me a lot of the quality and somewhat spare physique of Legatee as he was when in training. I believe Pistoia has been presented by Major Courtauld to his daughter, Jean, and one may agree that there are more unlikely things than that this daughter of Poltava shall, next March, emulate the example of Tourmaline, who last March won the Brocklesby Stakes at Lincoln for Miss Courtauld.

The brief visit, impressions of which I have tried to convey in this article, frankly delighted me. It is a pleasure to draw attention in this way to the fine solid work of those who are breeding for their own pleasure on the racecourse and who are certainly contributing to the ideal of steadily maintaining the great traditions of the British thoroughbred horse.

SIDNEY GALTREY.

MEMORIES OF AN OLD FRIEND

By BERNARD DARWIN.

It was not possible for me last week to write here anything about my old friend, Arthur Croome, for I had only just come back from Ireland to hear, with a sudden shock, of his death. It may seem a little late to do so now, and yet I should like, if I may, to try to set down a few memories of one who had so many friends among golfers. A good many of them must almost of necessity centre round the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society, of which he and I were members since its foundation; and if they seem, therefore, a little narrow or egotistical, I can only ask for pardon.

Arthur Croome was, as is well known, one of the founders of that pleasant company, and in its early days he was, as its secretary, its main driving force. He as secretary and John Low as captain made wonderful complements to each other, and as one who played under them and with them for between twenty and thirty years, I find it impossible to estimate the sum total of pleasure and, I hope also, of golfing education which I owe to them. All sorts of scattered memories come crowding back—of matches at Hoylake, and St. Anne's and Formby, of Westward Ho! and the East Lothian, of Rye, and of Oxford and Cambridge themselves.

There was the gentleman at St. Anne's who sat doggedly after luncheon proclaiming in a Lancashire accent, "A wants to lay against Croome." Why he felt so strongly on the subject I cannot now remember, but some of us took up the challenge on our secretary's behalf and profited modestly by our confidence in him. There was the day at Westward Ho! when we most irreverently and ungratefully entered into a conspiracy. Our team was of very even quality, so that it might almost have been played upside down, and someone suggested that each member of it should write down his order. We did so; the secretary read them aloud and his own name appeared at the bottom of every one of them. I hasten to add that it was not allowed to stop there, and he did great service for the side in a much higher place. Moreover, years afterwards as captain he had his revenge. At Hoylake we all once more wrote down our orders, and then the captain took our lists, threw them all in the fire and made out his own. At Hoylake, too, he enjoyed a triumph that he loved to recall. He and Mr. H. S. Colt won a great foursome against Mr. John Ball and Mr. Jack Graham. It did not win us the match; nothing ever did that, but it was an achievement never to be forgotten. Days at Hinksey come back, days, as it seems to me now, of invariable mud and almost invariable rain, to be forgotten in pleasant dinners at the "Grid" afterwards. And by some odd chance I remember best of all a day at Leven when, after being hospitably entertained there to dinner, we drove the whole weary way back to St. Andrews in a two-horse brake and sang "John Brown's Body" through the sleeping village of Ceres at one o'clock in the morning.

"Crumbo" was such a character and a personage that one is perhaps a little apt to forget what a good player he was. In the early days of the Society nobody more regularly swelled his side's score by a handsome contribution of holes. Naturally a stylish player of any game, he could play astonishingly brilliant shots. When he was young there was nobody more capable of lashing a tremendous brassy shot—and there were brassy shots then—right up to the pin, or of performing some other *tour de force*. The fact that he stood right up to his full height

and had the typical game player's wrists made these shots the more imposing. What he lacked to some extent was the comparatively pedestrian power of doing the safe and steady thing over and over again. I remember walking towards the twelfth hole at Prestwick in John Low's company. There was the wall in front of the green in those days, and the second stroke consisted for most people in playing short with a very large space in which to do it. "This," said my companion, "is just the sort of stroke that Arthur Croome would not play well," and it was an acute judgment. He wanted something that was emphatically a "shot," that could appeal to his intellect, his artistic temperament and his joy in his own strength. Then he might fail, but the failure would, at worst, be a glorious one, and he often succeeded. The ordinary "bread and butter" shots did not, I suppose, interest him; at any rate, he did not play them so well, and it was this quality in his play that prevented him being an even better player than he was.

As he grew older he came, I think, to see that simpler ambitions were more profitable. "Take the most lofted club that will get there and hit as hard as you can—that's the modern way," I remember him saying once, with a touch of good-humoured bitterness, but he had too adventurous and artistic a soul to put such doctrines thoroughly into practice. Something of a change, also, I fancy, came over his manner of playing the foursomes which he loved so well. In early days he would hold the deepest consultations with his partner or with his caddie, having a romantic love for this traditional method. Later he would walk ahead (how well I can hear his deep voice booming in the distance!) and only consult if invited to do so. In either manner he was an admirable partner, generous, unselfish, encouraging, with an intense feeling for playing for his side. If his power of playing well in a single became a little atrophied through his devotion to foursomes, he thought the loss well worth it, for he got as much pleasure out of a foursome as anyone I ever knew. Quite lately he had given a shield which he intended to be played for alternately at Oxford and Cambridge by college foursome pairs—past and present—and now the first meeting will have to be held without him.

The technique of any game had an intense interest for him. All those who knew him well must have seen him demonstrate the advantages of the straight left leg in hurdling over the back of a dining-room chair. It was fraught with some danger to the glass on the table. Similarly, on one occasion he was applying the doctrine of some famous billiard player—I think John Roberts—to putting. "One, two—deliver the cue," he intoned, and at the word "two" smash went the china behind him. He was always fond of applying the doctrines of one game to another. "Support the head of the striking implement"—culled chiefly from tennis—was often on his lips, and so was a skating tenet translated into golfing terms as "Oppose the rotating hip to the revolving arms." We used to smile affectionately sometimes at a few of these subtleties, and it is dreadfully sad to know that we shall not hear them again. That a smile should never be very far away when we think about "Crumbo" does not seem to me heartless or unbecoming; I believe it is what he would have liked himself, for he liked to bring happiness into the lives of his friends, and of the people I have known I doubt if anybody brought more than he did.

THE AUSTRALIAN BARRIER REEF

IN May, 1928, an expedition known as the "Great Barrier Reef Expedition" left England for Australia. This expedition, consisting of some sixteen British scientific workers, was initiated by the Australian Barrier Reef Committee and the British Association, and it spent twelve and a half months upon one of the reefs of the Barrier, closing its period of work in July, 1929.

The object of the expedition is explained below; meanwhile its conditions of life and its *modus operandi* may be described.

On July 16th, 1928, the personnel and gear of the expedition left the township of Cairns (the most northerly town of considerable size on the east coast of Queensland) for a small coral reef lying some forty miles north of Cairns and seven miles out from the coast, and known as "Low Isles." This reef, although about a mile long, has very little dry land upon it, since at high water a very small proportion of its area remains uncovered by the sea. Such parts of it as are not then submerged, however, are conveniently arranged. They consist (apart from certain small mounds of shingle) of two regions: the first, a bank of sand, with steep sides and a flat top less than five acres in extent; the second, the trunks and leafy branches of a large grove of mangrove trees, whose roots are submerged at high water but exposed at low. As one approaches the reef from the sea, the appearance of this grove of trees, like a wood planted directly in the water, is most striking and curious. The sandy island (or *cay*, as it is called in this part of the world) is a neat-looking mound with shrubs and a few trees upon it, and a number of coconut palms which give it quite the "coral island" appearance of the story-books. It also possesses a lighthouse, together with wooden houses for the light-keepers; and several wooden huts were built for the members of the expedition.

The accommodation mentioned included a large hut which was used as a laboratory and also for meals, with a small kitchen annexe; together with three huts providing sleeping quarters for the married couples, single men and aboriginal servants respectively. The cooking and general tidying of the camp was done by aboriginals, under the supervision of members of the expedition, and this arrangement proved quite successful. Native boat-boys were also employed. Australian aboriginals of a good type are much more competent individuals than popular opinion would lead one to suppose, and are capable of learning and carrying out complicated processes; some of them, for instance, are good carpenters, and they proved to be of great assistance in carrying out some of the more aboriginal and

straightforward parts of our scientific work. Our supply of food was good, since the village of Port Douglas lies on the mainland only seven miles from Low Isles, and we were able to obtain a regular supply of fresh material once a week, which very much relieved the monotony of the tinned food upon which, of course, we were obliged to rely as a foundation. Until the onset of the rainy season filled our tanks, we had to import all our water from the mainland.

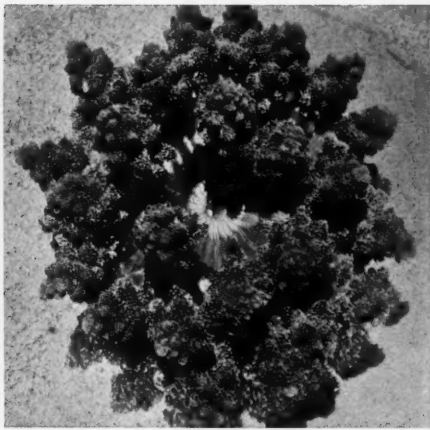
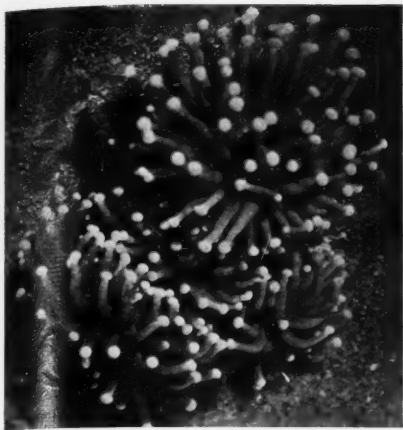
In addition to the necessity for keeping up regular communication with the mainland, boats were needed for the scientific work of the expedition. The principal vessel which we employed was a 40ft. ketch-rigged motor launch, *Luana*, in which most of the sea work was done; and in addition to this we had several smaller craft for use close to the reefs.

The greater part of our work was carried out upon or near the Low Isles reef; but this was supplemented by as many visits to other reefs as circumstances permitted. Transit from one reef to another in small vessels is by no means the simple matter which it might seem to be from an armchair in England, with visions of a windless tropic sea before one's mind. A complete calm in these regions is a rarity; it does occur, and sometimes for days at a stretch, in the tropical summer; but this is not a good time for a small boat to venture the far afield, since it is the season of sudden hurricanes. These calm spells, even in the summer, alternate with periods of wind and heavy rain, during which high seas may be experienced; and during the nine cooler months of the year the south-east trade wind blows with varying, but rarely slackening, intensity so that more or less windy weather and a considerable sea are the rule, and calm weather is quite unusual. Under these circumstances, it may be understood that long journeys in small boats are not practicable upon a very extensive scale.

During the period of low water at a good spring tide, the true coral reef which is the foundation of the Low Isles system is partially exposed to view. Round its seaward slopes, and especially in the sheltered anchorage on its leeward side, a rich growth of living coral can be seen, although the central parts of the reef consist mainly of sand and rocky ground, living coral being almost entirely restricted to such shallow pools as occur upon its surface. The illustrations which accompany this article will give some idea of the appearance of a good growth of coral; but unfortunately, no photograph can convey any idea of the reality, since the sunshine and the colour are lacking in it. One cannot exaggerate the beauty of living coral; the perfect delicacy and finish of its texture,



A RICH GROWTH OF CORAL ON JUKE'S REEF, OUTER BARRIER.



LIVING CORAL ANIMALS. A SEA ANEMONE WITH FERN-LIKE TENTACLES. A GIANT CLAM.

taken together with the variety of its form and colour, render it one of the things which must be seen to be appreciated. Although the prevailing tints in any field of coral are apt to be brown, brownish yellow, dull purple and similar shades, this background is lighted up at intervals by brilliant violet, bright green, a peculiarly luminous pale violet blue, and so on; and in many branching corals an attractive effect is produced by the fact that the greater part of the coral is of one colour, but the growing tips of the branches are of quite another—as, for instance, when a buff-coloured coral has bright blue tips to its branches.

Of the photographs illustrating this article, the one entitled "A Coral Pool" was taken at Low Isles, as were several of the others—the sea-anemone with fern-like tentacles, a common inhabitant of sandy places, where it buries its trumpet-shaped body in the sand, expanding its stinging fronds at the surface; the giant clam, a mollusc which attains a length of over three feet, if not more, and which, by closing upon his foot like a trap, is dangerous to anyone diving in deep water; the sea-urchins, deep purplish black in colour, with long poisonous spines, which occur in small shoals in reef pools; and the living coral-animals belonging to a "mushroom coral" of the genus *Fungia*. "Coral" is the calcareous secretion not of "insects," but of soft-bodied animals similar to sea-anemones, which are correctly termed "polyps." The polyps of *Fungia* are unusually large, the ones illustrated being quite young ones; each of these polyps would attain a diameter of a foot when fully grown. The polyps belonging to corals such as some of the branched species illustrated, on the other hand, are much smaller than this, being only a few millimetres across.

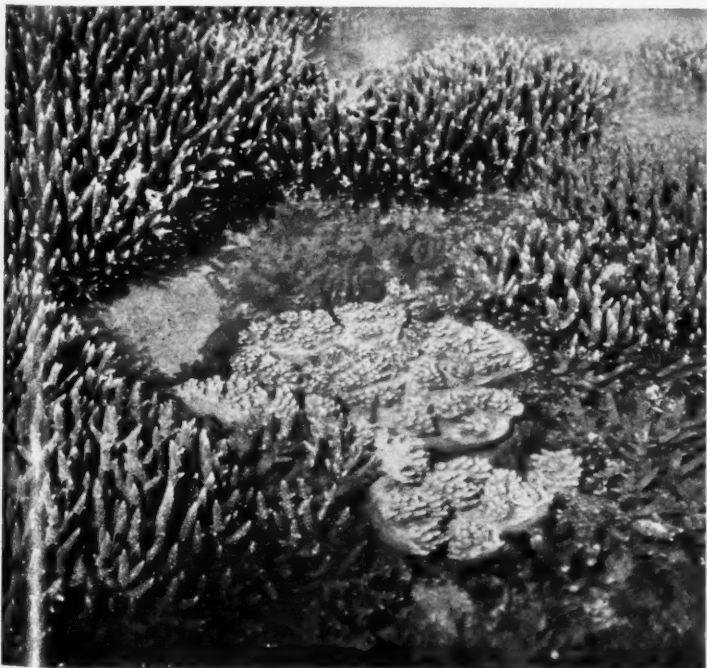
The photographs entitled "A Rich Growth of Coral on Juke's Reef, Outer Barrier" were taken in a very different place. Juke's Reef is one of a series of ribbon-like reefs which limit, on the Oceanic side, the enormous series of reefs known collectively as the "Great Barrier Reef," a system which is, altogether, over a thousand miles long. This limiting series, the "Outer Barrier," is that chain of reefs which, in the northern part of the system, forms a wall protecting from the force of the Pacific breakers the host of variously shaped inner reefs

which arise from the shallow water to landward of it. These wave-swept outer reefs are very unlike the more protected inner ones; and their strength lies in a pavement of coral rock, swept clean of *débris*, which they present as a barricade against the force of the ocean. Yonge Reef is an inaccessible member of this outer series, many miles north of Low Isles, and has not, so far as we are able to ascertain, been visited previously by any scientific workers; its previous visitors will have been no one but fishermen, apart from Admiralty survey vessels. The coral shown in the illustrations was growing upon the tops of curious table-like masses of coral rock rising from two to three fathoms on the lee side of the reef. Such a luxuriant growth does not occur on the wave-swept rocky pavement towards the ocean, although living coral is able to exist rather more sparsely even there.

We regret that these photographs cannot be supplemented by others taken actually under the sea; but although we did a good deal of diving in connection with our work, using a helmet of the type employed by William Beebe, we had no underwater camera.

The scientific object of the Great Barrier Reef Expedition was to make a co-operative study, from as many points of view as possible, of a tropical sea area, for the period of one year. The ecology (plant and animal "economics") of the reefs was studied, as well as the growth and breeding of typical reef animals. The food supply received special attention, particularly that most important part of it which consists of microscopic plants and animals suspended in the sea water. Another branch of the work dealt with the physical and chemical conditions which prevail in the sea, and which directly affect the life of the plants and animals which were being studied. The experiments and observations made were, many of them, directed towards obtaining data as to the fluctuations in conditions, food-supply, breeding, etc., from one part of the annual cycle to another. Particular attention was paid to the growth, breeding, feeding, digestion and general life-processes of the corals themselves, since these are the dominant forms of sedentary life in such regions.

T. A. STEPHENSON.



A CORAL POOL.

ON JUKE'S REEF, OUTER BARRIER.



A delightful stone-built manor house of the early seventeenth century, remarkable for the sense of style exhibited in its classical loggias, balustrades and arcaded parapet.

IT is really rather surprising, after all the regrettable things which have been done to spoil the countryside, how much still remains unblemished and undiscovered. For all the multitudes of cars which pour out of the towns on a week-end in the summer, there are many parts of England—and quite large parts—to which few ever penetrate. Fortunately, main roads are much like main lines: they carry nine-tenths of the traffic, so that the country lanes are left not so very different from what they have always been. It is owing to this happy state of affairs that England is still comparatively unexplored and that it is possible to make, now and then, such a delightful architectural discovery as The Old Hall, Nether Hambleton. Were the phrase less hackneyed, this charming little manor house might truthfully be described as an architectural gem—or, rather, it is an architectural miniature, reproducing in little the handsome features of the stone-built mansions of Northamptonshire and Rutland. For a seventeenth century yeoman's residence it possesses a surprising individuality, with its loggias back and front, its balustrade and galleries and its arcaded parapet; while, in addition to, and in spite of, these ornaments, there is a

reticence and a conscious sense of design which are altogether modern in feeling. Confronted with the illustration opposite (Fig. 2), one might quite well begin speculating whether the architect was Mr. Detmar Blow or Mr. Guy Dawber, though, on closer inspection, one or two errors—in setting out the windows, for instance—would probably give away the truth. But then, country builders in the seventeenth century were builders and not draughtsmen, and it was only to be expected if sometimes in details they went a little awry.

There are several Hambletons and Hambledons scattered up and down England, and this one in Rutland took a long time making up its mind to which branch of the family it would like to belong. In mediæval times it was even so far from either as to call itself Hameldon or Hameldune, and then, when it seemed as if the spelling of its cricketing namesake were the only fit and proper one to adopt, it decided otherwise and settled down to appear, at any rate on maps and printed notices, quite definitely as Hambleton. The village is almost exactly in the middle of the county, perched on an isolated hill which looks out northwards to the ridge where Burley-on-the-Hill stands



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1.—THE NORTH FRONT OF THE HOUSE, WITH ITS STONE GATE PIERS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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2.—THE GARDEN FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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3.—DETAIL OF THE NORTH LOGGIA.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

proudly in its park. Stretching away to the west is the broad vale of Catmose, with Oakham spire in the middle distance pricking up out of the plain, while to the south lies the shallow valley of the Gwash, Rutland's suitably diminutive river, which flows off eastward to join the Welland at Stamford. Having made our preliminary survey, if we drop down the steep hill to the south, we shall come to a group of cottages at the bottom and a farm track leading off to the left. This soon brings us to the Old Hall with its farm buildings beside it, standing alone in the fields.

In the Domesday Survey the manor of *Hameldune* appears as one of considerable size. Nearly four miles long and three

by Badlesmeres. Then, in 1408, John, Lord Lovel, dies seised, and four years later his widow quitclaims to the King. At the beginning of the next century the manor is bestowed on Sir Henry Ferrers, whose family continues to hold it till the end of Elizabeth's reign.

Long before this, however, the property had been divided, for in 1411 we find Margery, the widow of Sir Thomas Burton, granting the manors of Whitwell and *Hameldon Parva* to Roger Flore. The Flores—or Flowers, as they are sometimes selt—were an ancient Rutland family with considerable property in Oakham, and their town house, with its thirteenth century Gothic doorway, still exists in Oakham High Street. The



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4.—A VIEW FROM THE GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

miles broad, it contained three churches and seven hamlets or berewicks, five of which afterwards became separate parishes, though continuing to pay annually small sums of money to the mother church. In the Confessor's time his Queen, Edith, owned most of the land; but after the Conquest the manor belongs to the King, who holds four carucates in demesne, while forty carucates are held by the 140 villeins and thirteen bordars. Eight acres is owned by the church; there is a mill and forty acres of meadow, but the majority is wood—*silva minuta fertilis per loca*—extending over an area some three miles long and one and a half broad. In the thirteenth century we find the Norman family of Umfraville established as lords of the manor, and they, in Edward III's reign, are succeeded

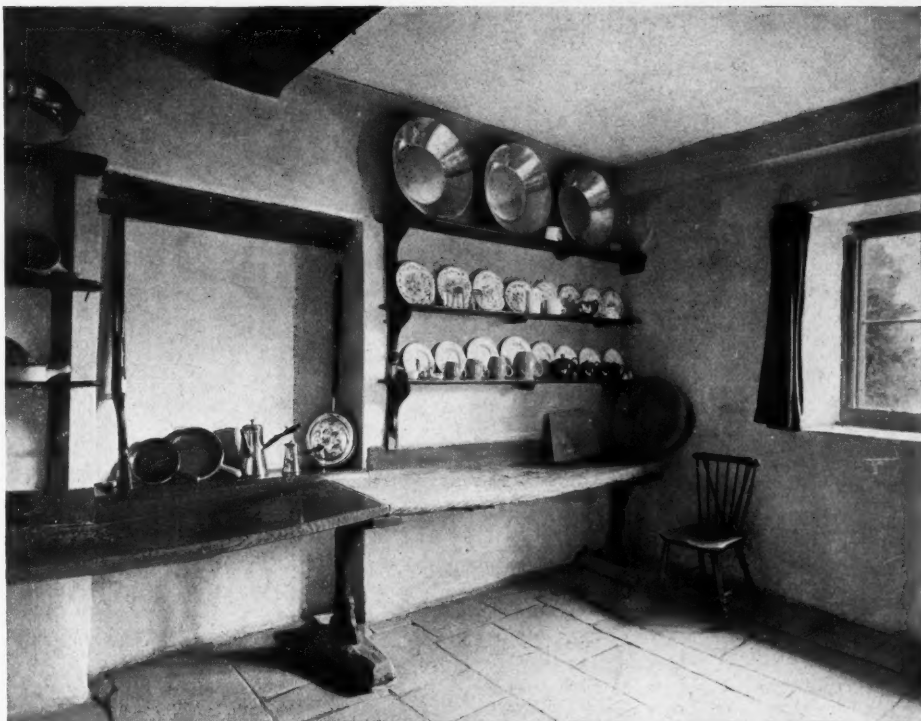
by Roger Flore we are concerned with held large estate in Leicestershire in addition to those in his own county. He was five times returned to Parliament as knight of the shire, and under Henry V was four times elected Speaker. In Oakham he is commemorated by the lofty spire of the church, for building which he left money in his will. A hundred years later Little Hambleton was still owned by his descendants, for in 1523 Sir Richard Flore died seised of the manor, in which he held 200 acres of land and 20 acres of meadow. But before the end of the century the property had been sold and Little Hambleton henceforth became separated from Whitwell.

Whether or not the immediate purchaser was Christopher Loveday, it was he who built the present house, although he

did not choose to live long in it. This we know from a deed in the possession of Mr. Roger Conant of Lyndon, which relates to the purchase of the manor from Loveday by Roger Quarles, and in which the hall is described as "that his capitall new erected messuage." The date of this transaction was 1611, so that the house was probably built in the first decade of the century. Who this Loveday was or where he came from I have been unable to find out. We have information of his predecessors and of his successors, but the builder of the hall remains a mysterious figure; he erects his house and then disappears, leaving no record of his ownership in carved date or initials.

In plan the house reproduces in a small scale the characteristic H-shaped form of the larger mansions of the time. Two gabled wings are connected by a central hall; one wing, the east, contains the sitting-rooms, the other the offices, to which is attached a one-storeyed appendage, which was once a bakehouse. The old idea of a screens passage is retained, so that the hall is entered from the front at its east end through the right-hand arch of the stone loggia (Fig. 3). With this one concession to tradition the prevalent desire for symmetry finds almost complete expression. Wings and windows balance one another, while the hall chimney is set exactly in the middle of the house, so as to form the central feature of the design (Fig. 1). On the south front (Fig. 2) we find, in place of the chimney, a small central gable lighting the attic and repeating in its triangular form the gables of the wings. Instead of the plain wall surface in the centre necessitated by the chimney breast in the north elevation, there is here a large transomed window of eight lights, making the room over the hall the sunniest in the house. Actually the window is divided into two by a thick central mullion so that each constituent half corresponds with the windows on either side of it. The plain mullioned windows of the wings are like those to be found in all the cottages and farmhouses of the period. They have plain moulded dripstones in place of the labels which are always to be found in contemporary buildings in the Cotswolds.

Much the most interesting features of the house are its stone loggias. Their occurrence in so small a building as this is very remarkable. Even in large houses of the time they are not particularly common, and show, where they occur, that the architect was very conscious of his acquaintance with the new Italian fashions.



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5.—IN THE KITCHEN.

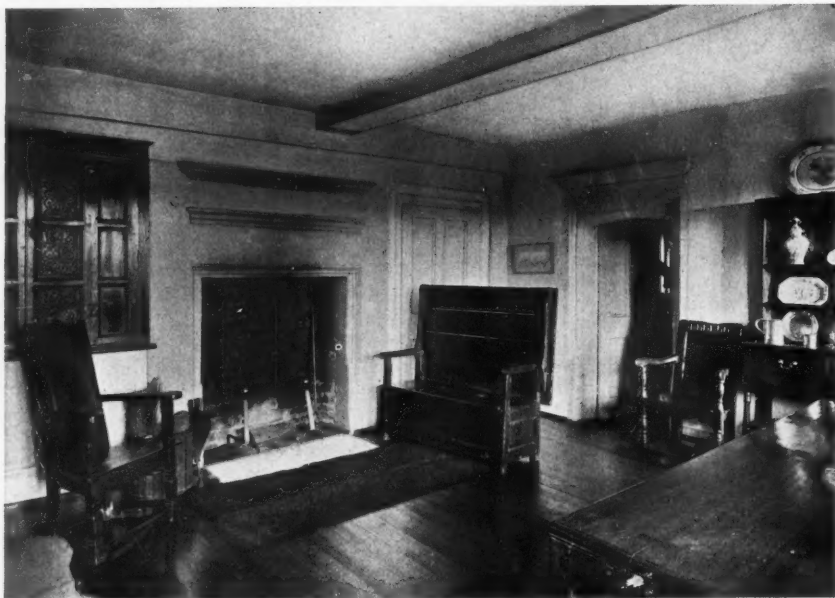
"COUNTRY LIFE."



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6.—THE STAIRCASE.

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7.—THE HALL.

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8.—THE DINING-ROOM.

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9.—THE EAST BEDROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

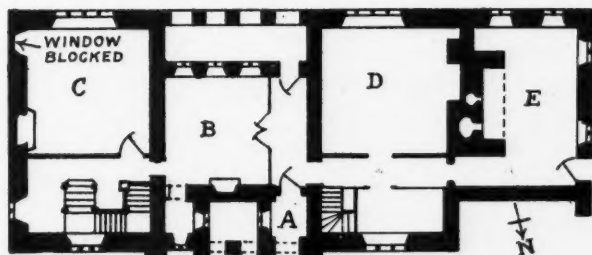
Perhaps the nearest parallel to that on the north front (Fig. 3) is the arched loggia added to Cranborne manor house much about the same time, but the work there is lighter and more elaborate. The proportions of this little composition are not altogether happy. The designer seems to have had in mind two ideas which, rather muddle-headedly, he put into execution at the same time. The result is that we find an arched and a pillared loggia combined in one, and the unlucky centre pillar supporting the arches seems to have been given an unfair share of the work compared with its fellows, elevated on their pedestals, with only a small projection of entablature to carry. The filling in of the left-hand arch is not an addition, as might be supposed, but part of the original design. It balances the right-hand compartment walled off to form a porch, uniformity of elevation being sacrificed to uniformity of plan. If the architect found this north porch rather a difficult problem, he succeeded admirably in the graceful loggia on the south (Fig. 2). Here he was content to have pillars without arches, and there is no trouble about double levels or two cornices beneath the balustrade. Both in design and in its relation to the whole elevation it is a perfect composition. Access to the galleries over the loggias is by means of two doorways above the screens passage in the room over the hall.

The remaining external feature, the pierced parapet connecting the gables (Figs. 3 and 4), is almost identical with one on the front of Exton Old Hall. No doubt the same master-mason was employed on the two houses, and he may easily have been engaged on much more important buildings when there were so many large houses in the neighbourhood in process of building. To take only one, the additions made to Apethorpe by Sir Francis Fane contain some striking resemblances of detail—the design of the balustrades may be mentioned—suggesting that the mason was, at any rate, acquainted with the work there, if he was not actually engaged in it himself. These additions to Apethorpe, however, were made between 1617 and 1623, a few years after the Old Hall, Nether Hambleton, had been completed, so that, unless we are to suppose that the loggias were added by Roger Quarles after he had bought Loveday's "capitall new erected messuage," they would actually be anterior in date. That they were additions seems not at all improbable, if we take into account the difference in the character of the masonry of these architectural "features" and the rough stone of which the walls of the house are composed. Moreover, however perfectly the south loggia fits into the design, that on the north certainly has the appearance of being an afterthought. But this feeling of clumsiness may be equally well explained if we suppose that the designs for the classical features were obtained from an architect of repute and left to a local mason to execute.

Roger Quarles, the new owner, came from Old Sleaford in Lincolnshire, though his father was a Northamptonshire man. He was a first cousin of Francis Quarles, the religious poet, whose "Emblems" ran into countless editions, achieving a popularity among

readers of devotional verse which lasted for more than two centuries. On his death in 1616 Roger was succeeded by two nephews, but in 1634 they assigned the property to Abel Barker, and the Quarles ownership came to an end. The new owner is described in the deed as "of Hambleton"; he was probably a yeoman farmer whose father had risen by his own efforts to a position of prosperity. This Abel Barker only lived for three years after making the purchase, but his son of the same name enjoyed a long ownership of more than forty years. He was elected Sheriff of the county in 1646, and was created a baronet by Charles II. Finding the hall his father had purchased too small for him, in 1662 he and his brother Thomas bought the adjoining property of Lyndon and soon afterwards commenced building a new and larger house there. This meant that Lyndon thenceforth became the family seat, so that the house at Nether Hambleton soon acquired the name of the "Old Hall." Both properties remained in the possession of the Barkers until the family died out in 1845. They are now owned by Mr. Roger Conant, whose grandfather inherited the estates from an uncle whose mother was the last representative of the Barker family.

Since 1910 the Old Hall has been rented by Miss Tryon. The illustrations well show the care spent on the garden and the taste with which the house has been furnished. The dining-room (Fig. 8) in the east wing has seventeenth century wainscoting, but this probably dates from the time of Abel Barker's purchase rather than from the original building. A narrow wainscot partition with no wall behind it divides this room from the staircase (Fig. 6). This is of stout oak construction with tall balusters and substantial newel posts surmounted by balls resting on well designed pedestals. The hall, or main living-room (Fig. 7),



10.—PLAN.
A, Porch; B, Hall; C, Dining-room; D, Kitchen; E, Bakehouse.

now blocked up. The front and back doorways and that leading to the offices are of the same traditional design, in marked contrast to the classical work of the loggias. In the bedrooms we find large stone fireplaces, again of strongly traditional design. The bedroom in the east wing (Fig. 9) contains a fine four-poster bed of Jacobean type, but which, surprisingly enough, is dated as late as 1671. The kitchen, with its paved floor and old oak boards (Fig. 5), and the bakehouse, with its massive chimney and rafted roof, each makes a charming picture.

With its pleasant walled garden and miniature gate-piers, its loggias, its discreet chimneys and gables, this little house in the fields is indeed a treasure. One would like to associate it with diminutive Jeffrey Hudson, the celebrated Court dwarf, who was brought up at Burley near by and given by his master, the Duke of Buckingham, to Charles I. It would be pleasant to imagine the midget man driving up in a coach to his little house—it would have been a palace to him—and passing between the two dwarf gate-piers. And once inside and seated in front of the hall fire, what stories he would have told his neighbour about the kind ladies at Court, and his exploits in the Civil Wars, and that famous duel in Paris when he shot dead an opponent who was more than double his size. But Jeffrey does not seem to have returned to his native county once he had left it for the Court. Perhaps he resented the idea that it was the smallest in England.

ARTHUR OSWALD.

CEREALS FOR AUTUMN SOWING

IT may seem strange to many onlookers that, in spite of the low prices commanded by cereal grains, farmers should continue to pay attention to these crops. On the average mixed farm, however, the contribution made by the straw is almost as important as the grain itself, since litter has to be provided for the needs of livestock. How far it is possible to make cereal culture self-supporting even in depressed times must depend upon a number of factors, and particularly the means of encouraging the maximum output of crop per acre at the lowest possible cost. The National Institute of Agricultural Botany venture the opinion that a farmer may obtain as large a difference as over 20 per cent. in his returns simply by choosing the best of the available varieties of cereals. This in itself is sufficiently important as to merit attention on the part of cereal growers.

The perusal of seedsmen's catalogues at this time of the year frequently proves mistifying to the prospective grower of winter cereals. There appear to be so many varieties from which a selection can be made that some authentic and independent information is an asset. Winter oats constitute the first of the winter cereals to be sown, but the choice here is restricted to a few recognised varieties. The various trials which have been carried out in all parts of the country indicate that there is only one variety of winter oat which can be depended upon year in and year out to give satisfaction. That variety is the long-established Grey Winter. It yields well on most soils and produces grain and straw of excellent feeding quality. Its resistance to frost has been amply demonstrated during the past three or four years, while the only serious objection to the variety is that its long straw is apt to be weak and therefore liable to lodge. Black Winter, which is a stronger-strawed variety, is less resistant to frost, though it is quite a valuable variety. It is interesting to mention that there is no winter-hardy white oat on the market.

As far as wheats are concerned, every season with its varying weather conditions seems to show up varieties in different lights. Thus the mild, wet and windy winter, the heavy storms in early summer, and the heavy and prolonged rains in July and August of this last season revealed varieties in their true capacity for standing, and also favoured diseases like foot-rot and whiteheads. The interpretation placed by farmers upon winter hardiness usually refers to the ability of varieties to resist frost, but last year's experience shows that wind and rain are equally important factors in thinning out wheat plants. It was very evident that good frost-resisting varieties, which included many from

Scandinavian and Dutch sources, were less adapted to last winter's conditions than the old English variety Squarehead's Master. It is hardly likely, however, that last year's weather will be frequently repeated, and the National Institute of Agricultural Botany sees no reason at present to vary the recommendations on the best wheats which they gave a year ago.

Wilhelmina or Victor are considered the most reliable high-yielding wheats on soils in good condition. The straw which is fairly short and stout stands well. Yeoman or Yeoman II are outstanding from the fact that they produce the best bread-making flour of our home-grown wheats. They are seen at their best on very fertile soils and wherever intensive manuring is adopted. Their short clean straw, which is comparatively free from rust, gives them good standing powers. Little Joss is almost without exception the ideal variety for the lighter wheat soils or where fertility is low. Under these conditions it out-yields most other types. The straw is very long and apt to be weak, but, despite this, it is often grown under Fen conditions, since it ripens out satisfactorily, even when the crop is lodged. Iron III yields well under conditions which suit Wilhelmina, but it is less reliable and is apt to develop rust. It is not in any sense a variety suitable for bread-making purposes, but the grain commands a sale for poultry-feeding purposes. Weibull's Standard is another variety which serves much the same purposes as Iron III, except that its straw does not stand so well. Rivett or Blue Cone probably outyields all other varieties on heavy soils in the south of England. Squarehead's Master or Standard Red stands alone in their powers of adaptability to all sorts of conditions, and the regularity with which they give a decent crop. Actually under defined conditions one or other of the preceding varieties is probably more profitable to grow than Squarehead's Master, but in view of its general utility it can be relied upon under very ordinary conditions. There are a number of wheat varieties under test at the moment upon which it is premature to pass judgment. These are Steel, Crown, Chevalier, Saxo, Drottning and Setter. Varieties which are considered to be definitely inferior include Colossus, Ideal, Fenland Wonder, Renown, Robusta, Yeoman's Master and Squarehead II. Their inferiority arises out of their yield of grain or strength of straw.

The change of seed is often considered to be important, and probably rightly so. Trials indicate that there is no definite evidence, given seed of equal purity and germination capacity, that Scandinavian or Continental-grown stocks will give better results than stocks of the same variety grown in England.

CUB HUNTING



SO EARLY IN THE MORNING.

"WHAT time was it? Why, let me see—Mat'd been gone a-milking some time. It'd be getting on by then—I reckon it'd be half-past four," said a Derbyshire farmer's wife, explaining how she had seen a Meynell fox one summer morning making his way back to the osier bed. Half-past four is "getting on" according to the standards of a dairy country, where milk has to be sent off by an early train—and yet there are those who maintain that six o'clock is a barbarous hour at which to go cub hunting. The countryside contains many poor barbarians who are obliged to be up well before six, but the first day's cub hunting usually provokes sufficient comment upon the beauty of the dawn to show that not many of the field, at any rate, are accustomed to such early hours. A good sunrise certainly does atone for the loss of several hours of sleep, and when it is heralded by a burst of hound music one could almost wish that such was the pattern of regular fox hunting. Familiarity might breed contempt, but for five or six weeks the procedure really is very exciting. The mere act of setting out in the dark lends a thrill—a childish thrill, perhaps, but still a thrill. Then the countryside looks so strange in the half-light; the cows loom so large, and their breathing sounds like the fulmination of as many dragons. Nor does the excitement end on reaching the covert side, for cub hunting brings one into very close contact with the

fox. A whipper-in, supported morally by his red coat and physically by a wise old Hunt horse, may shout "Ah! Charlie" to any fox, and accept his hurried retreat into the covert as a matter of course. But you or I, home from a private school and set to guard a dry ditch, perhaps on a phlegmatic pony which is always useless in moments of crisis, or more probably on foot, cannot view the covert side with the same equanimity. What do cubs do when they mean to escape down a ditch and find the way barred by a pair of grey-stockinged legs on a level with their noses? How sensible of other people to arm themselves with stout leggings—heavens! what is that panting about in those brambles? Only a hound. Whirr! He has put up a cock pheasant—what a terrifying noise. "Look up in the ditch there," they are shouting in the stubble. Here he comes! "Hey, hey, hey, go on back . . ." Thank goodness, he *has* gone back. No reason why he should next time, though. How difficult it is to make a loud noise when one really wants to do so. Would it not be a good thing to ask that man with the terriers to come a little nearer this way? Three terriers ought to be able to deal with even the most desperate cub. . . .

Increasing age tends to rob such situations of their alarming characteristics, but even for the most pretentious fox hunters cub hunting is not devoid of thrills. To the Master embarking on his first season as huntsman the first morning of cub hunting



ON THE WAY TO THE COVERT.

is fraught with far more perils than is the day of the opening meet. Fine feathers may make fine birds, but a new velvet cap and a brightly polished horn unfortunately confer no ability upon their possessor, as many an enthusiastic amateur has realised about eight o'clock on his trial morning. In a highly civilised grass or plough country he may suffer no insult more degrading than a complete indifference on the part of the hounds to his well meant efforts to indicate the spot where he saw their cub cross the main ride. But the proceedings will probably be watched by a number of critical sportsmen, and no failing will pass unnoticed. The rougher the country that he has elected to hunt the fewer will be the spectators and the more sympathetic their attitude, but the more formidable will be the obstacles to success. What do they know of riot who have only seen foxhounds hunting foxes, hares and rabbits? They little know the awful qualms besetting the huntsman who, galloping in hot pursuit of his hounds through five hundred acres of wooded river valley, "slots" a deer on the cart track that leads towards the fading music. On a somewhat similar occasion Man Friday, with a touch of dramatic genius, left but a single footprint in the sand, but even a (presumably) one-legged savage on a desert island could not be less welcome than an evidently able-bodied deer in the immediate vicinity of a pack of foxhounds. Of wily old foxes, combined with mountain sheep and unrideable bogs, it is both cruel and unnecessary to discourse—enough to say that many a young amateur has climbed the steep approaches to the moor with a confidence as serene as the approaching dawn, and has returned, late in the afternoon, a sadder and a wiser man.

cantered after them he called to the first whipper-in to look round inside the covert, as "he thought that he had heard them kill another cub." The pack duly caught their cub in the first fence, and were still breaking him up when the first whipper-in trotted up, looking a trifle embarrassed and carrying a sack over his shoulder. "Did you find that other cub?" asked the huntsman. For answer the whipper-in merely held up the sack by one corner, and out fell the corpses of *seven* cubs! The huntsman threw up his hands with a hoarse cry of amazement and "came over quite queer" at the sight of this little avalanche. However, he recovered sufficiently to spend the next twenty minutes cutting the brush off each cub in turn, so that he might have some means of determining, when the world in general seemed more normal, whether he had in fact or only in some awful dream killed four brace of cubs in half an hour. Actually it appears that the covert was so bare that there was virtually nothing whatever to shelter the cubs, and that various single hounds must have killed cubs as they met them on the move, and, the morning being hot and airless, did not stop to worry them, but went on to join the cry. It is fortunate for both hounds and huntsmen that litters of cubs are usually sensible enough to avoid such treacherous playgrounds.

But between these two extremes there are scores of countries in which cub hunting follows the orthodox lines and never fails to educate the puppies, to scatter the cubs, and to sacrifice plump subscribers to hordes of ravening midges. There are several packs whose cub hunting is organised with a thoroughness suggestive of military manoeuvres, and in many cases the wise Master seizes the opportunity to turn to good account the presence of



TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA.

In the really rough countries cub hunting is seldom anything more than a "trade name." Such refinements as the holding up of cubs are impossible where portions of the country are unrideable and mounted supporters are few. One can only hope to locate fairly accurately a litter of cubs from local hearsay, draw for them carefully, and hope for the best. If an old fox should provide a six-mile point, leaving the unfortunate puppies scattered upon the moor, no disgrace attaches to the Hunt staff—it will be a sufficient tribute to their skill and knowledge of the country if they do not lose touch with the main body of the pack. Actually, the fact that so many packs in these rugged countries do kill cubs and nothing else during the cub hunting season reflects the highest credit on their management. But from a spectacular point of view the results are not impressive, and to see cub hunting in its purest form one must migrate to those grass vales, studded with small coverts, which make glad the heart of the thruster.

If the coverts are really small and not very thick, then the most serious problem should be to make the puppies work hard enough before they are rewarded by killing a cub. Indeed, in certain countries which do not grow strong brambles there is really nothing to prevent the old hounds from racing the cubs off their legs even in quite a moderately big covert. There is at this moment in the south of England a Hunt servant who has a most gruesome story in this connection. It appears that he was once second whipper-in to a famous pack whose coverts are neither large nor thick. One August morning they found a fine show of cubs in "a smallish place." For half an hour or so hounds ran hard round the spinney, and eventually streamed out across a grass field just behind a tired cub. The huntsman, knowing that they would soon catch him, let them go, but as he

those numerous foot-people who cause him so much anxiety during the regular season. The village tailor, for instance, is only too pleased to stand in a double hedgerow from 6 to 8 a.m., if the Master finally hails him by name, to say that "that last cub wouldn't have escaped you if those breeches of yours hadn't been too tight in the waist." There is no surer sign of a properly managed fox hunting country than cub hunting meets well attended by foot-people of all descriptions anxious to make the morning a success, and happy for the day if only they receive a smile of welcome, or perhaps a handshake, from the Master. During cub hunting there are countless opportunities for encouraging that personal interest which means so much to the welfare of any country. Suppose that the Master of the X always stays in Scotland until the middle of October and that his huntsman is, perhaps, a trifle quick-tempered when he is excited. Then cub hunting with the X will very likely consist of a series of vain efforts on the part of the Hunt staff and some children on ponies to prevent the cubs from slipping away from a really good covert, while little groups of foot-people on every road and on convenient hills greet each failure with derisive shrieks. Finally, the huntsman will end a trying morning by purposely chopping a cub in some kale—a feat, however, which fails to impress his puppies. But with their neighbours the Y, the Master, who never misses a day during cub hunting, will enlist the services of everyone at the meet, and will allot to each some particular area, in which he is probably reinforced by a friend who arrives later on. The result is that, when the morning has gone like clockwork and hounds have killed a brace of cubs in the thickest of the brambles, the whole neighbourhood says that Smudgefield has provided a better morning than Slapton did last week, and wants to know



P. H. Adams.

TIME TO BE AWAY.

Copyright.

where the hounds are next Saturday. The news that they are to meet at Long Crackington is accompanied by a rumour that that resourceful village has stolen a march on its neighbours, for there was a litter bred in the chalk pit at the bottom of the

stationmaster's garden, which makes three litters instead of the usual two. Attention then centres for a week on the prospects at Long Crackington Thorns. Who may expect the better sport in the regular season, the X or the Y?
M. F.

A POET'S SHORT STORIES

On the Edge, by Walter de la Mare. (Faber and Faber, 10s. 6d.)

WHAT is writing but the projection of a personality, the aroma of a soul? The truism takes on the colour of bright, new truth whenever we open a book that Mr. Walter de la Mare has written, for he illustrates it in such vivid fashion.

Eight short stories make up the present volume, and only one of them—the sixth and least good—could conceivably have been handled by anyone else.

On the Edge is a felicitous title for the collection, Mr. de la Mare being a past master in the art of balancing on giddy, precarious edges of human experience or consciousness. He can make our flesh creep: not with events, which is child's play, but with subtle and recondite atmospheres, as in "The Recluse" and "Crewe" and "The Green Room." He can make our hearts ache for a character far removed from any experience known to the majority, as in "At First Sight." And he can supply the "surprise ending" beloved of magazine editors, as in "Willows" and "The Picnic"—yet with what a difference! Finally, in "An Ideal Craftsman"—first published twenty-five years ago, but extensively revised since—he captures that ecstatic absorption of the child, who can live so intensely in the thing imagined that even the utmost horror of actuality can become mere fuel for the fire of the dream.

Being a poet by predilection and practice, Mr. de la Mare can no more refrain from loading every rift with ore, even in a short story, than he can refrain from breathing. So that the entranced reviewer is apt to cry: "What do you expect me to do with this man but quote him?"

We have not read two pages of this book, for instance, before we come to the words "dulcet optimism," as a description of that atmosphere, familiar to all of us, of a sick-room. And two lines farther on we melt into a world that, for all its modernity, is pure poetry: "A lime-tree bower her garage was: the flickering leafy evening sunshine gilded the dust on her bonnet." Another few lines, and an evening in spring is in our hands, caught in the mesh of four adjectives: "Drowsy, lush, tepid, inexhaustible." And who but this particular poet would have alighted on the third of these other adjectives for a hot day in early spring?—"this lovely, sleepy, precocious afternoon."

It is delightful to have Mr. de la Mare's version of the thrush's notes: "Ahoy! ahoy! ahoy! Come to tea! Come

to tea!"; and a minute later his easy swoop into one of the depths: "The forsaken pierces quicker to the heart than by way of the mind." Not less delightful are the evidences that a poet may be a chiel taking acute notes of certain things observable by all of us in a prosaic world:

There's many a house looks as snug and cosy as a nut. But crack it and look inside! Mildew.

Safety first is a sound principle so far as it goes, but we are all of us out-maneuvred in the end.

She's held so tight to the bit, that my mouth's all covered with blood. I know now what's gone on all along. It's her way, her self, her domination. *That's* what Scarlet Women are made of.

Miss Curtis's affair would never have been a mere love affair; it would have been a life affair.

There is, of course, a peculiar interest in anything said, by this shyest, most bird-noted of poets, about poetry:

Poetry, good or bad, depends for its very life on the hospitable reader, as tinder awaits the spark.

How far are poems *true*? What had really happened? What had been left out? You can't even tell—yourself—what goes on in the silent places of your mind when you have swallowed, so to speak, the dreadful *outside* things of life. What, for example, had *Measure for Measure* to do with the author of *Venus and Adonis*, and what had *Juan* with Byron as a child?

But enough has been said and quoted to show what a treasure-house here awaits the reader: a treasure-house provided by a man who writes, because he knows, that poetry is:

a way of looking at things, a way of feeling about them, almost of being them—a way of *living*.

It is that "way" in which the poet observes, even when writing prose, the visible world—whether "the evening star floated like a morsel of silver in a dove-grey fleece of cloud," or whether larks were singing "as though each of them had its own spiral pitch in the blue, and had only to range that airy and invisible tower to keep its walls for ever echoing with song." And it is the same "way" that makes him think "how memory strays back, though sometimes it's more like a goat tethered to a peg on a common"; and that makes him able to analyse a look as "an intent, almost intimate glance that went even a little deeper into his mind than he could follow it."

So, in this book, we may quarrel with a slight improbability here, or what seems to us a wilfully unhappy ending there;

but such things are trifles forgotten as soon as noticed—or, rather, crowded out of mind by the prodigal stores of rose-like colour and scent that are Mr. de la Mare's "way."

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

Staying with Relations, by Rose Macaulay. (Collins, 7s. 6d.)

MISS MACAULAY, who puts such entertaining Americanisms in the mouth of her young "realtor" from California, has only herself to blame if I, slipping into that expressive tongue, give it as my opinion that in writing *Staying with Relations* she has bitten off a little more than she can chew. That is rather one of Miss Macaulay's habits, and I am ready to admit that no one, save perhaps Miss Stella Benson at her best, can get away so nearly with such difficult themes as she likes to choose; but, all the same, the mouthful in the present case is not quite satisfactorily masticated, at least it seems so to me. Though I was of those who, only a very little while ago for many pages of one of her novels, mistook one young lady for two young ladies as Miss Macaulay no doubt wickedly hoped that I should, I bear her no grudge, and would state, here and now, that, though I think the central idea of her present book was one foredoomed to failure as the backbone of a novel, she has developed it with so much wit and wisdom that I enjoyed it better than I have many a more perfect work of fiction. To show you a set of people, make you believe them to be of such and such character, and then prove to you that you have been entirely mistaken in your reading of them seems to me to be inherently an effect which it is a mistake to attempt through the medium of fiction. Miss Macaulay sends her heroine, if she has one, to stay with connections who are living in a most romantic spot, a *hacienda* which was formerly an old Spanish monastery built out of the ruins of a Maya palace; everything is strange, florid, like the plaza, set among miles of crowded forest, where statues of Mayan gods and Spanish saints are jostled by examples of modern sculpture. Catherine is a novelist and, as fiction writers are apt to—and perhaps must, if they are to carry on their trade—she labels her relations as this and that at first sight in the first few chapters and spends the rest of the book in correcting their supercriptions, while they, in turn, revise their estimate of her. A disappearance, a hunt for buried treasure of the monks and a mad trip by land and sea in pursuit of a snatcher of Louis Seize snuff boxes and other delights give Miss Macaulay an opportunity for some brilliant descriptions of places and people, in which she is often at her best: which, as everyone knows, is to say a great deal. Some of the minor characters who do not demand quite such complete inversion, as Catherine and her family are exceptionally happy, and Mr. Phipps, the snuff-box thief who never really deceives us into thinking him harmless, is a joy, particularly when Catherine and her party discover him as a fellow-passenger on the S.S. *Eugenia* and proceed to waylay him at every corner with greetings in the name of Phipps, though the passenger list gives him as Van Tilden. But from the argument of the book, though it has truth behind it, I found myself turning away with a slightly cheated feeling, such as one gets when the author of a detective story has not quite played fair with his readers. B. E. S.

Trio, by Phyllis Bentley. (Gollancz, 7s. 6d.)

MISS PHYLLIS BENTLEY has followed up her fine novel, "Carr," with another study of middle-class life in the industrial centres of the West Riding. It is a slighter piece of work than its predecessor, which is not surprising, for "Carr" was really "big." It has less charm, chiefly, perhaps, because it contains no character of Philip Carr's peculiarly lovable personality. The style, too, has not quite the same dignity and finish. But the book shows the same freshness of mind which can find interest in commonplace people and conditions, the same ruthless austerity which will employ no devices beyond those of life itself. The author's directness of approach is a rare thing among modern novelistic abstractions, and gives her, together with her style, a closer affinity with the great Victorians than with the present generation. *Trio* is the story of three girls from childhood to marriage and after, whose lives are so closely interwoven that none of them can move without affecting the others. Esmé, the worthless egoist, is the evil genius of the other two, thwarting and hurting not only Lena's life, but her fine but undisciplined nature, and spoiling the single-mindedness of Rachel. One feels slightly sorry for her, however, married, as she is, to the wrong man, and completely unsuited to her dull and conventional environment. Her attraction to Howgate, the middle-aged mill-owner, is fairly understandable, for there is an eighteenth century touch about him which makes him the most interesting person in the book. With his wealth and his horsemanship, his poise and his "past," he forms a cynical contrast to the somewhat ineffectual decency of Rowland and Arnold. He alone, among the men, shows anything of the dour humour and grim strength which are not only the foundation, but the most fascinating ingredients of Yorkshire character.

CONSTANCE HOLME.

The Young and Secret, by Alice Grant Rosman. (Mills and Boon, 7s. 6d.)

THIS is a pleasant novel of modern youth—of young men and women who contrive to be wholesome and normal as well as modern, and who talk wittily as well as with easy colloquialism. The plot is simple and unpretentious, but a good deal of wisdom is mingled with the lightness and brightness of the story. Particularly good are certain studies in jealousy; not the familiar, eternal-triangle brand, but those difficult complicated and subtle family situations in which, for instance, a man is jealous of his daughter because he adores his wife, or a father unjust to his son because he prefers his daughter. Miss Rosman catches the gay, inconsequent note of youth to happy effect, and the novel is up-to-date without being *outré*. V. H. F.

THE BACKGROUND OF HISTORY.

Memoirs of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, edited by William King. (Routledge, 12s. 6d.)

Memoirs of the Comte de Gramont, by Anthony Hamilton. Translated by Peter Quennell, with an introduction by Cyril Hughes Hamann. (Routledge, 15s.)

Memoirs of the Late Mrs. Robinson, written by herself (Cobden Sanderson, 7s. 6d.)

IN two of these reprinted memoirs the past is seen through the medium of some individual, such as Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough or the

lively Comte de Gramont, who, as actors or supers on the stage, fill out the historic scene. A volume devoted to the opinions and memories of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough in her old age—Atorsa, possessed, as Swift said, by Three Fairies—might well be expected to be sorry and bitter reading. But her account of herself and the Court of William III, of Anne and two Georges is very readable. The first part of the volume consists of a reprint of the "Account of the Conduct of the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough from her first coming to Court to the year 1710" (the year of her disgrace), which was written in extreme old age with the assistance of the historian Nathaniel Hooke. A manuscript note in the British Museum copy of the Duchess's "Opinions" states that the "Duchess of Marlboro" would not permit Mr. Hooke to make use of all her letters and papers. He used to say that they were sadly garbled. Mr. William King, in his well balanced introduction, points out a "certain disingenuousness" in the Duchess's accounts of the defection of the Princess Anne and the reasons for Marlborough's disgrace; and the shadows of Anne's character are laid on with concentrated malignity. The "Opinions" of the Duchess and her "characters of her contemporaries" date from the closing years of her long life when, wrapped up in flannel and wheeled in a chair, the Duchess quotes Dryden's lines from "Aurang Zebe" on the "strange lozenage" of life and finds them "very pretty." There is in this "Opinions" an artless glimpse of his own character in her note (in 1739) that "though one's natural pleasure is to love people, the generality of the world are in something or other so disagreeable that 'tis impossible to do it." The *Memoirs of the Comte de Gramont*, written some forty years after most of the events recorded, are also drawn from the memories of old age. But the author, Anthony Hamilton, had a very different aim; "the delectation" (he tells us) "of the more frivolously-minded sort;" and in the first chapter he lightly explains that he intends to pay no heed to dates and the order of events. Adopting the light manner of the writer of *Contes*, Hamilton gives a foreign picture of the social trappings of the Restoration Court; but for the serious world outside other writers must be studied. Mr. Peter Quennell has translated these memoirs; but the "scintillating wit" which is claimed for the original brightens neither Hamilton's work nor this translation. Mr. Hughes Hamann, in his introduction, gives a careful estimate of the book's historical importance, and an account of both Gramont and Anthony Hamilton, who is claimed as a French classical author, together with a full commentary and brief biographical notice of every person mentioned in the narrative. The third of these memoirs, which is the latest in date and slightest in matter, is the incomplete record of Perdita's (Mrs. Robinson) life, reprinted from the original edition of 1801. Perdita, who was described by Coleridge as a woman of undoubted genius, and who tells her story with all the vague charm of the age of sensibility, comes to life for a moment in Smith's "Book for a Rainy Day," when he "received a kiss from the beautiful Mrs. Robinson. The colour of her carriage was a light blue, and upon the centre of each panel a basket of flowers was so artfully painted that as she drove along it was mistaken for a coronet."

The Life of Madame Roland, by Madame Clemenceau-Jacquemaire. (Longmans, 18s.)

A Lady Who Loved Herself, by Catherine Young. (Knopf, 16s.)

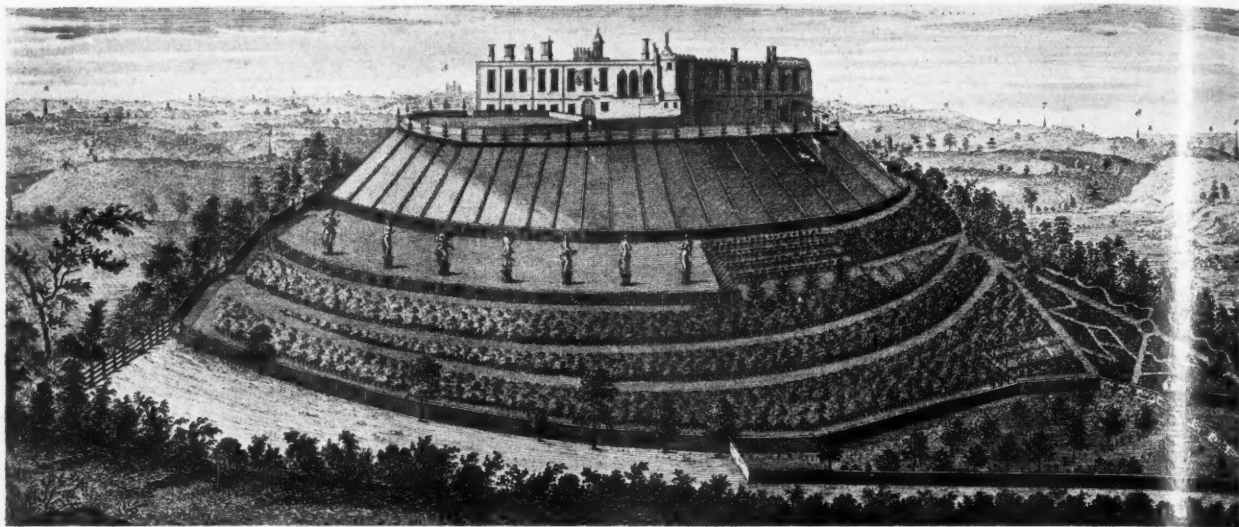
THESE books both lack the impartial outlook necessary for a true and final representation of character; neither of them has the philosophic detachment, so rare, yet so essential for truth, a detachment not without sympathy, but without bias and without prejudice. The life by Madame Clemenceau-Jacquemaire, though dimmed faintly through translation, glows with the devoted fervour of a partisan. She writes with the burning sentiment of a compatriot and presents an idol and a heroine. She builds up her portrait by deft touches and illuminating sidelights, selecting her material with such skill that she succeeds in awakening real emotion and profound admiration for this gallant Frenchwoman who flung away her life that the chimera of Liberty might become her country's god. The other book under review, by Miss Catherine Young of Cornell University and Hunters College, New York, is a scholarly indexed, annotated work; a smoothly running narrative, informative and cool, exposing Madame Roland to careful scrutiny through the lorgnettes of an American college lecturer. That appraising stare misses none of the facts, but fails to note the heartbeats which should suffuse them with colour and feeling. Moreover, a writer who admits prejudice in the cheap caption of her title detracts from the value of her book. The sources from which all writers of Madame Roland's life draw are the same, the private papers, the letters and, above all, the memoirs written in prison immediately before her execution. Briefly, what is the impression these make upon the mind? It is that of a young girl, sensitive, serious, intellectual beyond her years and beyond her environment. Beneath a soft feminine appearance she hides an indomitable spirit and a passionate idealism. Her pursuit of Monsieur Roland as the husband best fitted to further her ends is not so culpable when we consider her circumstances. She is French, bourgeoisie, without dowry and without maternal aid, and burdened by a father whose profligate ways shame and distress her. As a politician she is a doctrinaire; to a mind already steeped in the classical tradition of democracy she adds the inflammatory theories of Rousseau. The Girondist movement, when she becomes aware of it, gives her the exact outlet she needs for these emotions so long fostered in secret. Very soon she becomes the inspiration of those mild revolutionaries. Unfortunately, their delight in verbal violence unlooses passions beyond the control of these theorists, and Madame Roland and her party are swept aside as ineffectual—traitors to the New Democracy. It is at this stage in her short life that she disarms all criticism. The complacent virtue which so enraged her enemies because she really was virtuous, now supports her, and she faces prison and the guillotine with calm felicity, breathing only that one sigh of regret—*At thirty-nine!* She leaves on history the mark of a sublime courage.

A SELECTION FOR THE LIBRARY LIST.

MEMOIRS OF AN INFANTRY OFFICER, by Siegfried Sassoon (Faber and Faber, 7s. 6d.); *THE DIARIES OF ROBERT FULKE GREVILLE*, edited by F. McKno Bladon (The Bodley Head, 18s.); *THE HAMWOOD PAPERS OF THE LADIES OF LLANGOLLEN AND CAROLINE HAMILTON*, edited by Mrs. G. H. Bell (Macmillan, 21s.); *Fiction*—CHINA SEAS, by Crosbie Garstin (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d.); *A HAIR DIVIDES*, by Claude Houghton (Thornton Butterworth, 7s. 6d.); *Poems*—COUNTRY BUMPKINS, by Doremy Olland (Methuen, 5s.).

GARDEN SCULPTURE by CAIUS CIBBER

BY LADY VICTORIA MANNERS.



1.—BUCK'S VIEW OF BELVOIR CASTLE, SHOWING CIBBER'S STATUES (1730).

CIBBER'S architectural sculpture for Wren at St. Paul's, on the Monument and at Hampton Court is familiar. But, by a curious irony of Fate, the especial phase of sculpture which brought him renown and fame in his own day—and of which he certainly was the first exponent in England—namely, the production of garden statues and *genre* groups in what may be termed the *naturalistic* spirit, has, in this generation, been somewhat lost sight of.

The reason for this neglect is partly due to the destructive change from the formal gardens of our ancestors to the landscape and natural style beloved of "Capability" Brown and his followers. Though, in the general holocaust, much of Cibber's work was swept away, yet in a few favoured gardens enough remains of the sculptor's achievements to prove the truth of Allan Cunningham's statement that Cibber "performed for the vista and the grove what Thornhill and Laguerre did for the ceilings and the walls."

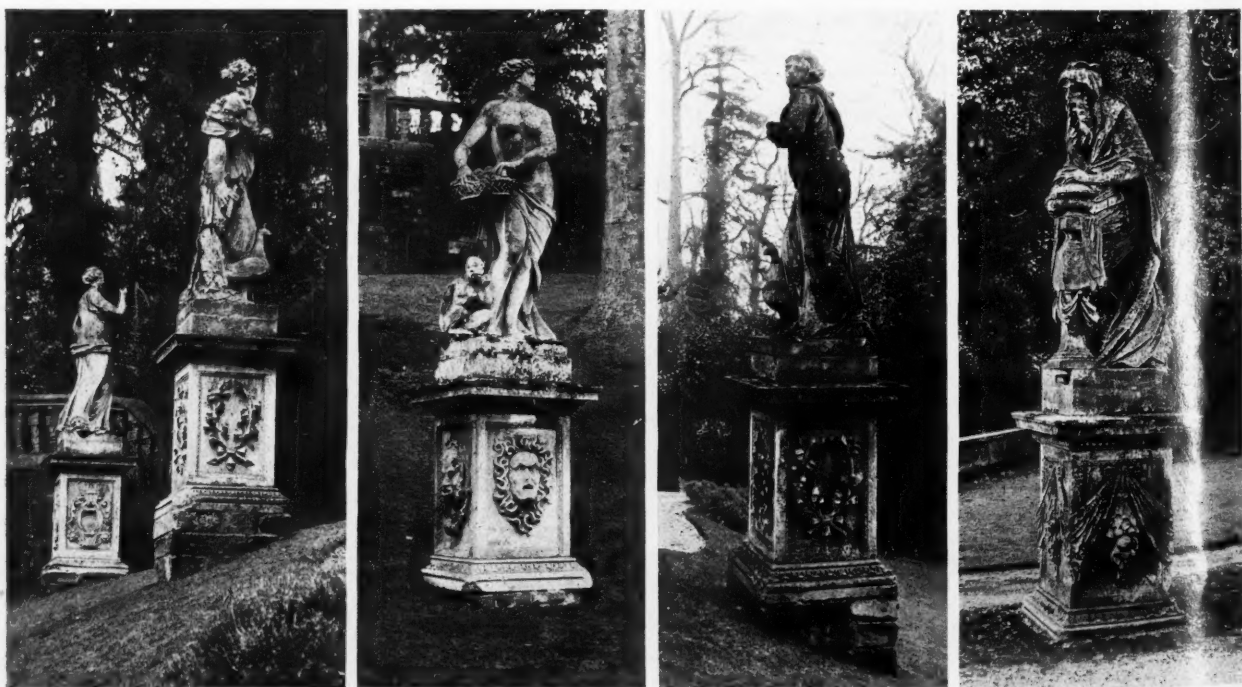
Among his most important garden sculpture are the statues at Belvoir Castle, the contract for which, dated January 28th, 1680, has recently come to light in the muniment room. Cibber contracted with John, Earl of Rutland to carve "and sett up in his lordships garden at Bellvoyer" seven statues of Ketton stone at £35 each—

whereof fower shall resemble the fower seasons of the yere and two others shall resemble the senses of smelling and tasting, and the last

shall resemble Juno with proper additions to the statues aforesid Transport of stone was to be paid for by the earl, and Cibber, with two workmen, were to be provided with "diett and lodging at Bellvoyer" so long as the work went on. A model of each statue was to be shown before work on it was begun.

The figure of "Winter" has been treated by Cibber in a thoroughly realistic style. In its present position in the lovely terraced garden designed by Violet, Duchess of Rutland and Mr. Peto it is well seen (Fig. 5), and the contrast between the old, somewhat weather-worn grey statue and the beds of roses around its base, which are thrown into sharp relief by the encircling groves of dark, ancient ilex trees, forms an exquisite picture recalling some classic pleasance of the Golden Age. On the terrace garden below, the "Queen of Heaven" (Juno) seems to be holding sway over her court of nymphs, who people the green glades and dusky boscage with their graceful, gleaming figures (Fig. 2).

In the treatment of these statues we see Cibber somewhat under the influence of that great genius, Bernini, whose work the sculptor saw when, in his youth, he studied in Rome. This Italianate manner is shown in the action of the figures, in the treatment of the drapery, combined with the poetic feeling with which Cibber has managed to invest these "Seasons of the Year" and "Senses," while an interesting feature is the



GARDEN STATUES BY CIBBER AT BELVOIR.

2—(Left) DIANA. (Right) JUNO. 3.—ALLEGORICAL FIGURE REPRESENTING 4.—JUNO WITH HER PEACOCK. 5.—HIEMPS OR "WINTER." "TASTE."

fine workmanship of the pedestals—in themselves works of art. Especially good is that of Ceres, or "Summer" (Fig. 9), which is carved with an elaborate coat of arms—Manners impaling Noel (the arms of Lord Rutland's third wife, Katherine Noel, daughter of Baptist, Viscount Campden, whom he married in 1673).

The statues when finished were evidently intended to adorn the gardens and terraces of the new Belvoir Castle, which was built by John, eighth Earl of Rutland, and finished about 1668, after the demolition of the previous castle in the Civil Wars. No doubt they were regarded as most successful, for they figure prominently in the old prints of the castle, especially in Buck's engraving (Fig. 1) published in 1730, where we have a most interesting representation of the gardens and pleasure grounds of a large country seat of the period surrounded by its groves and plantations of trees.

Lord Rutland again employed Cibber in 1682 to sculpt the monuments of his parents in Bottesford church, and there is an interesting letter from the sculptor in the Rutland MSS., referring to the execution of these and other works, written from Exton in Rutland (the home of Lord Campden, Lord Rutland's brother-in-law). The letter is directed to Mr. Herbert (the earl's secretary):

Mr. Herbert.
Yesterday I received a letter from Lin Regis (King's Lynn) that my marble was arrived there, from whence I doe intend to gett it carried up the river (this would be the River Nene) to Wansor (Wandsford) for that hath more water than at Stamford and bring it by land to thither, I shall go in Ester wick (week) to Lin, . . .

He adds the postscript:

I have two rare stones for 2 gladiators bigger than the liffe, which I have begone (begun) at Ketton, of which my lord shall have the refusall, or els must goe twenty miles of (off).

Ketton, of course, refers to the celebrated freestone quarries in Rutland. At that date they were owned by the Noel family, who also possessed a house there.

No traces of the two "gladiators bigger than the liffe" remain at Belvoir, and it is probable that they are still lurking undiscovered in some garden in the Midlands.



6.—THE FRONT OF BELTON HOUSE. Circa 1700.
From an engraving by Thomas Badeslade.

must rank among the artist's finest achievements (Fig. 8). The group has the added interest of being the only sundial known to be from Cibber's hand.

To the east of the house, standing in an old lime avenue, we find more of Cibber's work, namely, four marble statues of the "Seasons." If, perhaps, less fine than "Father Time," yet they are very graceful and decorative in character.

This garden sculpture is prominently shown in an interesting old engraving of Belton House and its lay-out, circa 1700, by Thomas Badeslade (Fig. 6). In it we see the sundial forming the centre of the whole stately composition, as was so often the case in old pleasure grounds. An interesting feature of the print is the representation of the game of golf being played in the park, and it also clearly depicts the very beautiful ironwork gates, which, fortunately, are still in existence, though now in another position.

It seems most likely that Wren commissioned Cibber to carve the four figures (representing Theology, Medicine, Geometry and Astronomy) on the tower of Trinity College Chapel, Oxford. The figure of Medicine on the chapel tower is a modern copy, but the original figure is in the garden of the president, Dr. Blakiston.

By a fortunate circumstance Londoners have now an opportunity of seeing one of Cibber's finest garden groups, as the Victoria and Albert Museum has recently acquired the famous "Piper and His Dog," an admirable example of the sculptor's art, executed in Portland stone. Most likely, much of the sculptor's *œuvre* in this *genre* is still to be traced and identified, for Cibber did not die till he was seventy years of age, and was working up to the last.



7.—DIANA WITH HER HOUND, IMPERSONATING A SEASON. AT BELVOIR.



8.—SUNDIAL AND SCULPTURED GROUP. AT BELTON.



9.—CERES, OR "SUMMER," WITH SICKLE AND SHEAF. AT BELVOIR.

Belton, the beautiful house often said to have been designed by Wren in 1685 and now the residence of Lord Brownlow, is only distant some ten miles from Belvoir, and at the ancient Grammar School of Grantham near by was educated the sculptor's famous son, the future Poet Laureate, Colley Cibber. It is, therefore, only to be expected that we should find some of Cibber's fine work there. Nor are we disappointed, for the splendid freestone sundial of "Father Time," some six feet high,

AT THE THEATRE

TRIBUTE TO SOPHIE

IT is not what a man does, but what he is. In other words, in the battle of life it is better to be a private with a soul than a generalissimo without one. Old precepts die hard and a good Victorian little boy who has grown up into an indifferent neo-Georgian dramatic critic may perhaps be forgiven for holding the view that it is not what Miss Sophie Tucker does, but what this artist is that matters. There is something unfair about this business of great artistry, the unfairness consisting in the fact that success does not depend upon merit as we construe that quality in other walks of life. We know, because Samuel Smiles has told us, that the office-boy who picks up a pin will of a surety amass millions. Every private, according to Napoleon or somebody, carries in his knapsack the bâton of a field-marshal, the speed with which the ladder is climbed depending solely upon the degree of assiduity in polishing buttons. The cabin-boy who keeps his cabin spicker and spanner than the other cabin-boys keep theirs will be an admiral before them. In the serious business of life success bears the strictest possible ratio to industry, though I personally have always had a sneaking notion that luck has something to do with it, for I have never been able to believe that a crossing-sweeper who sweeps Park Lane with sufficient industry will one day own a mansion abutting thereon. Mathematically, Mr. Smiles would appear to have been something of an optimist, for again I have never quite seen how all the bank clerks in England, though they neither smoke nor drink and abjure every other kind of sin, can, at one and the same time, be Governor of the Bank of England. Yet, broadly speaking, it is true that you get out of the business of life just what you put into it and no more. With the artist it is different, for he gets out of life not what he puts into it, but what Nature or his parents have put into him. I do not imply that great artists are not great workers. In the creative arts this is particularly true, and instances by the thousand leap to mind. There is the famous story of George Sand, who was in the habit of sitting up all night to write. One day she confessed to Balzac that at four o'clock that morning she had finished a novel. "Après?" queried that giant. "I began another one!" she answered simply. Even in these trifling days the knack of labour has not been lost, and he would be a bold man who accused Mr. Arnold Bennett of idling. Nearly all the great stage-players have been terrific workers. There is the story of Sarah Bernhardt fainting from exhaustion and conceiving as remedy the notion of running up six flights of stairs to overhaul her wardrobe. But my point is that, though genius as a rule takes infinite pains, it is under no compulsion to do so. For the best part of half a century Mr. George Robey has been working not like a horse, but like all the horses there are. Yet if he had never worked at all there is that in this great comedian in the presence of which the English-speaking races could never have remained serious. It is possible that infinite industry may make a man a tragedian, and Macready is the example here. But no amount of labour ever made a man funny, and possibly the funniest of our comedians are those who work hardest. Examples of this are not given, for obvious reasons. I do not know how hard M. Maurice Chevalier has worked, but I do know that his salary has risen in an incredibly short space of time from 20fr. a night to £4,000 a week, and I do not believe that industry has anything to do with the shape of that lower lip which has conquered all femininity from Brixton to Rio de Janeiro. The graces of Valentino were natural, and I do not believe that his world-triumph was in any way affected by the ardour or indifference with which, as a waiter, he whisked away plates. These people just are, and they can no more help being than a tree or a promontory can deny existence.

There is a certain number of men and women in the world who not only fill every room they are in, but empty it of everybody else. There is a certain small number of actors and actresses who not only fill the stage, but when they are on it prevent you from looking at anybody else. Miss Sophie Tucker is of that small number. When she comes on, it is as though the lights had gone up. She takes the middle of the stage because it is her rightful and natural place, though here I am reminded of something which might be called a story about Sir Gerald du Maurier. A lesser actor was telling me what a generous artist Sir Gerald is to play with. "He said to me: 'Take the centre, old man, I'll find a corner for myself somewhere!'" I left this actor in possession of his illusion and forbore to tell him that, wherever Sir Gerald du Maurier, is that part of the stage, and no other, becomes its centre. And

for the rest of the run the poor fellow remained in the dead mathematical centre of the boards with every light turned full on him and supremely unaware that nobody saw him at all because they were peering into some dark, distinguished corner. When Sophie is on it really would not matter if everybody else drifted away from the scene or hundreds trooped on to it; you would not notice either event. Yet the good lady does nothing, that I can see, in particular. Her performance is like that, if Mr. Darwin will permit me, of any really first-class golfer. Nothing happens, and the end of unremarkableness is that the record of the course has been broken. I repeat that, so far as I can see, Miss Tucker does nothing. She is stout, her features vie not with those of the Venus of Milo or anybody else's Venus, and except that her hair is yellower than that ornament has any right to be, there is nothing remarkable to look at. Yet you go on looking and do not desire that anybody should take her place. This actress does not act, for one expression does duty for despair and desire, rage and rapture. This singer does not sing unless it be singing to use the voice at never anything less than the utmost stretch of lung. Nobody has ever seen Miss Tucker dance, yet while she is there you suffer enchantment and can hardly believe the prosaic watch which tells you that the hours have slipped away. I take it that what is at the bottom of this artist's triumph is her unbounded physical and mental energy. The puling things in Nature may abide our question; the major things go free. It is permissible to prefer this little trout-stream to that, to like this little hill better than some other. But I have never heard anybody have either a good or bad word for the Atlantic Ocean or the Himalayas. They just are, and there is no more to be said about them, and the poets who have said anything have wasted their time. There is precious little to be said about cataracts and volcanoes, tornadoes and earthquakes, or any other maximum display of energy. There is little to be said about the energy of this artist, which is greater than that I have ever seen in any other stage player. The little that can be said is that it is energy expended upon what the hypercritical might call worthless material, being somebody's red-hot momma and all the rest of it. Against this must be set the fact that the playwright has not lived capable of writing a play which Miss Tucker would not instantly smash to smithereens. Consider what she could do with Shakespeare. Can it be thought that Miss Tucker's Lady Macbeth would have boggled at despatching Duncan if he had resembled her father ten times over? The Sleepwalking Scene, too, would have to go by the board, for it is inconceivable that such energy ever sleeps. I am not at all sure that I like Miss Tucker's performances, because I do not particularly like battleships or express trains or American heavy-weight boxers. They just are, and she just is. Whether "Follow a Star" at the Winter Garden Theatre is a good or bad musical comedy I cannot say with certainty, because this artist prevented me from looking at it. But at a guess I shall say that it is a very good one when she is not on the stage. When she is on the stage, it is neither good nor bad; it just doesn't exist.

GEORGE WARRINGTON.

THE PLAYBILL

New Arrivals.

FOLLOW A STAR.—*Winter Garden.*

"Go on; I follow thee."—*Hamlet.*

PRIVATE LIVES.—*Phenix.*

"In respect that it is private, it is a very vile life."—*Touchstone.*

FREDERICA.—*Palace.*

"A surfeit of the sweetest things."—*Lysander.*

CHARLOT'S MASQUERADE.—*Cambridge.*

"I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether."—*Sir Andrew Aguecheek.*

THE BARRETT'S OF WIMPOLE-ST.—*Queen's.*

"Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediment."—*Sonnet 116.*

Tried Favourite.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST.—*Lyric, Hammersmith.*

"Argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever."—*Prince Hal.*

CORRESPONDENCE

A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY PETITION FROM AMERICA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The old Vestry Book of St. Benet, Gracechurch Street, from the year 1603 to 1730, has recently come to light, and bound up with the entries of the year 1657 is the original petition from a church on Long Island, U.S.A., of which I enclose a copy, as I think it may amuse your readers.—C.

JAMAICA ON LONG ISLAND IN THE PROVINCE OF NEW YORK IN NORTH AMERICA.

Gentlemen,

We whose names are hereunto subscribed make bold to apply to you in behalf of ourselves & others the Members of our Poor Infant Church in this Remote part of the world and in the most Humble manner to request your Christian Charity to Grace Church in the Province of New York in North America. May it please you to be hereby Informed that we who presume to trouble you in this manner are a Body of poor people who tho' settled at a great Distance from our mother country the Kingdom of England are yet very Desirous (for the more decent and orderly Worship of God) to come as near that Nation in its Religious Usages & Customs as we possibly can and accordingly out of a due Regard for the most Admirable Constitution of the Church of England, both in its Doctrine & form of Government, we have lately Exerted our selves, & as St Paul said of the Macedonians; for to our Power Yea & beyond our Power we were willing of our selves, even beyond what we could well spare, in Contributing towards the Erecting of a Building in this Town for the Service of Almighty God; which is distinguished here from the other Churches in this Province by the name of GRACE CHURCH; and is form'd as most Churches in England are with a handsome Steeple about 12 foot square & Spire, it is a Timber Structure covered with Cedar Shingles, this good work is very near being Completed, but what we most stand in need of to make it so, is a Small Bell; And this is the thing that we now become humble Petitioners to you for, that the good people of Grace Church in the City of London would Extend their Christian love and Bounty in this p'ticular manner to the Poor people of Grace Church in North America. We humbly conceive our selves to be under no Necessity of Using any Strong & persuasive terms, to move you upon this occasion to make a Collection for our poor Church; You, who very well know that as the Church is now in its Infant State here, so it must have many Difficultys & Oppositions to Encounter with & must want the help & Assistance of all good Christians; of all good friends and well wishers to the Church of England; besides you know & are well Acquainted with the word of St Paul, wherein he Exhorteth to & Enforceth this kind of Charity of one Church to another in want, saying 2 Cor: 9 Chap. & 12 verse For the Administration of this Service, not only Supplyeth the want of the Saints, but is abundant also by many thanksgivings unto (the Glory of) God. Thus will your Benevolence & favour shed upon this our Request, give occasion to us & to our Posterity in this Place, to praise & Glorify our Great Creator & Publicly to And admire the Excellency of that Religion which produced in the world such fruits of righteousness. We pray you to pardon us for this our p'ticular Application to you, the Reason of it is Chiefly Grounded upon the Relation thats between, & the Mutual good offices that one Christian Church ought to do towards another and therefore it is that we Satisfie our selves of its being

Accepted in a friendly manner, and taken for what it really is, The Humble Application of the Minister & some of ye Members of Grace Church in the province of New York in North America to the Minister Church Wardens & Vestry of Grace Church in the

gaff and necessary spares, can be bought for about £50.—HAROLD J. HARDY.

COTTAGES AT SANDRINGHAM.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Some time ago you published the plans and an architectural perspective of a pair of gamekeepers' cottages to be erected at Sandringham for His Majesty the King. I now send you a photograph of the completed cottages, which shows more clearly the effect of the local Carr stone, of which the external walls are built. This stone, when freshly quarried, is of a very soft nature and yellow in general colour, but after a few months' exposure to the weather it hardens and the colour changes to a deep rich brown, so familiar to the district. The photograph lacks the fanciful trees forming the background, shown on the original drawing, but, in spite of the absence of foliage and the flat, open country, these cottages, by Mr. Gerald Warren, F.R.I.B.A., commend themselves as admirable work in a traditional English style; as comfortable within as they are satisfying without. The two outlying little buildings are wash-houses, connected to the central block by covered ways.—T. G. M.



THE KING'S COTTAGES.

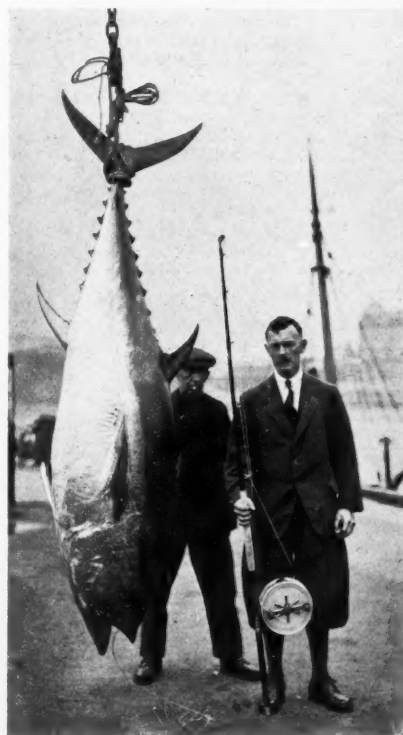
City of London Begging their Assistance and Christian Charity in Sending us a Bell to Compleat our new Church with.

We are Gentlemen
with all Due Respects
Your Most Obedt. Humble Servants
THOS. COLGAN. Clk and Missionary from the Venble. Society for the Propagation of the Gospel &c.
S. CLOWES
AND. CLARK
JOHN MESSENGER.
RICHD. BETTS.
A. WHITEHEAD
JOHN WILLETT Jnr.
BENJ. WHITEHEAD.
WILLIAM CREED.
GEORGE REYNOLDS.
WILLIAM HEED.
JOHN LUCHIENS.
EDE. WILLETT.

"IN THE COLD TUNNY FISHES' HOME WHERE THE LOST GALLEONS ARE."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have been tunny fishing at Scarborough and have hooked eight fish, eventually succeeding in landing one weighing 392lb. This fish put up a fight of 1hr. 40mins. before I brought him to the gaff. I send you a photograph of it. I should like to correct a misapprehension that seems to exist as to the cost of tackle for tunny fishing. What I am using, including



VÆ VICTIS!

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—My committee desire me to draw your attention to the manner in which the Anglo-American Oil Company has repaired and maintained the end house of Queen Anne's Gate, No. 25.

This is one of the beautiful houses in this famous street. It was not long ago acquired by the above-named company for offices. Some feared that in the new hands it would be re-built or disfigured. The house has now been repaired in accordance with the Company's instructions by Messrs. Wigglesworth and Mackenzie.

This Society wishes to make its gratitude publicly known through your journal.—A. R. POWYS, Secretary to the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings.

[We are very glad to publish Mr. Powys's letter. We entirely agree with his praise of the work in Queen Anne's Gate, which has been admirably done. The Anglo-American Oil Company has set the best possible example for other business firms to follow in similar circumstances.—ED.]

CHEQUERED CHURCHES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—It may be of interest to your correspondent, the Rev. J. G. Walker, to know that brick and flint used in conjunction to form panel, chessboard, etc., decorations on wall surfaces occur at two other churches in the south of England. This type of decoration and construction is known as "flushwork," and is to be seen in the tower of Mapledurham Church, Oxon, and in the unique porch at Great Ashfield in Suffolk.—D. W. WATERS.

FLOWERS FOR PETROL STATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In the course of a leading article, which appeared in *The Times* of August 20th, on the subject of this Association's competition for a model design of a petrol filling and service station, the writer threw out a hint that brightly coloured flowers would answer the same purpose as brightly coloured pumps in drawing the attention of passing motorists to a service station. If any particular filling station proposes to carry out this scheme properly, it would entail the engagement of a nurseryman to replace the flowers as they died off with other suitable ones. The appended list can, of course, be further amplified, but the drawback is the short length of time during which these things would be in evidence. One could

use red and yellow barked willows, and red dogwood for the winter, but these are shrubs which would require to be left in their places and would therefore be in the way of other things during the summer.

Red: Tulip Vermilion Brilliant, Geranium Paul Crampel, Verbena Firefly, Begonia Bonfire, Pyracantha coccinea (for walls), Rose Red Letter Day, Rose K. of K., Dahlia Coltness Gem, Dahlia Dazzle.

Yellow: Forsythia intermedia spectabilis, Tulip Montrésor (early), Tulip Bouton D'Or (later), Rose Christine, Rose Billy Boy, Dahlia H. J. Jones, Chrysanthemum Golden Diana, Jasmine nudiflorum (for walls).

Blue: Hyacinth, Aubrietia J. A. Baker, Cynoglossum amabile Azure Blue, Anchusa Dropmore var., Lobelia Cambridge Blue, Lobelia Barnard's Perpetual, Aster amellus King George, China Aster, Ceanothus Gloire de Versailles, Ceanothus Veitchii (for walls).—G. B. J. ATHOL, *Secretary, The Incorporated Association of Architects and Surveyors.*

BRITISH EMPIRE MARK OF ORIGIN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The British Empire League has issued a paper explaining the advisability of adopting a general mark of origin for all goods manufactured within the British Empire, mentioning that "when prices are not too unfavourable" there is a widespread desire to buy them.

The British Empire Mark of Origin Association has approached the manufacturers



ALFRED STEVENS'S LION.

of the Dominions recommending the adoption of such a mark for all goods manufactured or produced within the Empire, a space to be reserved upon the Empire mark for the name of the producing Dominion.

What better or more fitting design could be found than that of one of England's own great artists, of whom she may well be proud?

The lion of Alfred Stevens, which is to be seen on the Wellington monument in St. Paul's Cathedral, presents itself as at once suitable and most easily convertible into a sign of almost infinitesimally small proportions.

If handled by a skilful numismatist, the "field," as of a coin or medal, could tell all that is necessary about this dignified emblem of Empire. The words "British Empire" could be treated in bold numismatic shorthand occupying the centre, and the name of the particular Dominion could be written round the edge in full.—CLAIRE GAUDET.

SHEEP FARMING IN ICELAND.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—You have lately published two interesting articles on Iceland. The enclosed photograph illustrates one of the two great national industries of Iceland, namely, sheep-farming. The picture shows the wool, after being washed, laid out to dry on the open hill-side. The sheep spend the whole summer wandering in the deserts and mountains of the interior. In the autumn they are rounded up and sorted. They are all branded.—ATHOLE E. MURRAY.

"A CREAM-COLOURED COURSER."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have only just noticed, in your Correspondence columns of August 23rd, the letter with this heading.

We shall have a great number of rare birds presently, including that mysterious "Voice of the Wild," the corncrake, if there are still many "sportsmen(?)" like the friend of the writer of this letter—men who go about seeking for innocent and lovely wild creatures in order to destroy them. Later on still, we shall have no birds at all, rare or otherwise. Their corpses will all long ago have putrefied in bushes or been "preserved" to enhance the value of that most piteous and heartrending of collections—one of stuffed birds.

As the wanton and wicked destruction of the white courser took place as long ago as 1911, we may perhaps hope that all the good work done since then by the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, has shamed at least some of these heartless and stupid gunmen into holding their hands, though there appears to be one of them left anyway who still has the audacity to boast of his outrages.—C. C.

A BLUE TIT'S STRENGTH.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I had frequently read of the strength behind a blue tit's beak, but had never realised it until recently. The birds that feed at my bird tables come in and out of the kitchen whenever they feel inclined, generally flying in and out of the open door. Recently a blue tit that bosses the rest of the birds has taken to visiting the larder. Instead of coming out again by the door she flies to the window and taps impatiently to have it opened for her to fly out. The rest of the window is covered with permanently fixed wire gauze. One day I heard her tapping furiously, and as I was busy, paid no attention to the tapping. However, it continued so insistently and, knowing that I should have no peace, I went to open



WOOL DRYING IN THE OPEN.

the window. To my astonishment she had splintered a row of glass from which tiny cracks were radiating for the length of an inch. It was as if someone had chipped the glass with a sharp instrument, and I have no doubt that if I had left her long enough she would have broken a way through the glass, which is old and rather thin.—PHILLIPPA FRANCKLYN.

"WAS IT A HOOPOE?"

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Hoopoes are more frequent visitors to Cornwall than other parts of England. Twice in the past three years we have had one here for quite a week, which frequented a grass glade close to the house, where it could be seen feeding on worms and ants. In Africa hoopoes are also seen on rubbish heaps, not after the garbage, but eating the flies and probing for the maggots breeding in them. The long, curved bill points to this. They pass through England in the spring and autumn.—CORNISHMAN.

A WORTHY MEMORIAL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—You may care to see this photograph of a pleasant and pretty spot that will now be safe for ever. As a memorial to Richard Cadbury and George Cadbury, who created Bournville fifty years ago, the firm of Cadbury Brothers, Limited, have presented Frankley Beeches, near Birmingham, to the National Trust to be preserved free from buildings. Frankley Beeches is 800ft. above sea level; it has a fine view, and can be seen well from Bournville and many other parts on the south side of Birmingham.—W. J.



FRANKLEY BEECHES.

THE GREEN MAN AT ASHBOURNE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Being much attracted by your reviewer's recent notice of Sir Thomas Bernard's *Pleasure and Pain*, and not less by the fact that Bernard toured in Herefordshire and Shropshire just a century and a half ago, I hastened to procure the book and, opening it at random, I found the following entry, dated September 2nd, 1780, Bernard being on his way south from Matlock: "The Green Man at Ashburn (where we laid) is in every Respect a detestable inn; so we did not stay out of compliment to the Landlady; but proceeded 2 Stages to breakfast at Woosley Bridge on the Trent, and so by Bridgnorth to Ludlow." Readers of Boswell will recall that in September,

1777, he and Dr. Johnson spent ten days at Ashbourne as the guests of the rector, Dr. Taylor.

Boswell's departure for the north upon the 24th is thus related: "I took my post-chaise from the Green Man, a very good inn at Ashbourne, the mistress of which, a mighty civil gentlewoman, curtsying very low, presented me with an engraving of the sign of her house; to which she had subjoined, in her own handwriting, an address in such singular simplicity of style, that I have preserved it pasted upon one of the boards of my original Journal at this time, and shall here insert it for the amusement of my readers: 'M. Killingley's duty waits upon Mr. Boswell, is exceedingly obliged to him for this favour; whenever he comes this way, hopes for the

continuance of the same. Would Mr. Boswell name the house to his extensive acquaintance, it would be a singular favour conferr'd on one who has it not in her power to make any other return but her most grateful thanks, and sincerest prayers for his happiness in time, and in a blessed eternity.'" Mr. Augustine Birrell adds to this passage the emphatic note "Still an excellent inn," in his charming edition of the *Life*, produced some thirty years ago. What, then, had changed the inn in three short years? Was Mrs. Killingley perhaps dead? Or may the explanation be that Bernard had reached Ashbourne out of sorts, and that "detestable" was an exaggerated comment on some trifling deviation from the Green Man's excellent routine?—ARTHUR O. COOKE.

SEPTEMBER RACING IN SCOTLAND

EVEN a particularly poisonous example of Scottish weather at its worst could not destroy the pleasure of my stay in Ayrshire last week for the three-day meeting of the Western Club. A year ago the Royal Caledonian Hunt Club were there with their movable feast. This year it was the turn of Lanark to be visited, so that we were barred the sight of the members gravely attending the races in silk hats and scarlet coats.

I found that a good many others well known in our world of racing had chosen delightful Turnberry as headquarters. You see, Ayr racecourse is only eighteen miles away, and I should be straining politeness if I were to suggest that one should remain in Ayr while Turnberry offered the sparkle of its most admirable hotel attractions and, of course, its fascinating golf courses. I had never seen before those perfectly delightful holes in the neighbourhood of the lighthouse. They will be a big inducement to go racing in Scotland again.

It is not because the racing was uneventful at Ayr that I have taken so long in drawing on my impressions. I daresay much better racing has been known there; indeed, such was the case a year ago, when the meeting was honoured by the presence of Princess Mary and Lord Harewood. It was there I first saw Lord Harewood's very good horse of this year, Alcester, run second in a handicap under a low weight. Who could have supposed then he was going to figure in the Cambridgeshire a year later under the big weight of 8st. 11lb. I saw the Ascot Gold Cup winner of that year, Invershin, narrowly beaten for the Hunt Cup (the "Caledonian," not the "Royal"). Mr. S. B. Joel, who had brought his yacht thus far up the Firth of Clyde, won the Scottish Derby with one named Modder, but then met with some sharp reverses. I daresay he had wished he had stayed away, notwithstanding his "Derby" success.

This year the Scottish Derby was rather a melancholy affair. I am sorry I cannot apply a better description to it, but it is as well to be honest about these things. You expect just a touch of class to be associated with anything claiming to be a Derby, and, after all, there is something rather resounding in the title of Scottish Derby. We were introduced to half a dozen runners with the minimum of form among them. Knight of Lorn, in Lord Derby's ownership, was an outstanding favourite, and it is not at all improbable that he would have won had there been a stronger pace throughout. As it was, the filly Jean Gordon (quite an appropriate name for a winner of some importance in Scotland) was able to conserve just that little bit of speed which availed her in the last fifty yards or so. On her previous outing she had been easily beaten by Sans Espoir, who, in addition, conceded her 15lb.

Sans Espoir won a handicap last week-end at Windsor, which was poetic justice for the vexatious disqualification at Doncaster, but even that does not make the form of the daughter of Ellangowan anything better than moderate. Yet one recalls that she was thought to have a reasonable chance of winning the One Thousand Guineas. Last year, when showing promise, she split a pastern, and so had the briefest career as a youngster. She is owned by Mr. J. R. Armitage and is trained by Walter Griggs.

It was also a mare that won the Ayrshire Handicap, to which was attached more value than had been the case with the "Derby." Here the winner Doura gave the idea of not being the least worried by the fact of the very heavy going, for she moved well through it, while the favourite, Sargasso, most certainly did not do so. I thought Weston on Sargasso laid out of his ground too far, with the result that his horse was asked to do too much in too short a distance. I quite agree with the reasoning that it is unfair to ask horses to make up ground rapidly when the going is deep and holding. They simply cannot do it in the same way as they can quicken when galloping on the top of the ground.

Doura is an unfashionably bred mare, and she won from a low place in the handicap. But as her owner, Mr. J. Wallace, lives and farms on the Border, the success of his mare was quite well received and by no means inappropriate. Really, the winners during the three days that interested me most were Disarmament, who secured the Craigengillan Plate for his Yorkshire owner, Mr. H. F. Clayton; and the three year old Heronslea, to whom

went the Ayr Gold Cup honours. They both gave delightfully smooth displays in trying conditions.

Disarmament is rightly accepted as the best two year old in the north. Here he polished off Captain Harry Whitworth's Seaton Ross, who had been expected with the greatest confidence to beat him, but was simply routed by many lengths. One does not forget that Disarmament fairly put Four Course on the stretch at Goodwood, and he ran a fine race when second for the New Stakes at Ascot. It is most interesting to all who watch the breeding of the winners of to-day to note that, like the brilliant Portlaw at Doncaster, he is by the comparatively young sire, Beresford, who is at the stud in Ireland. Beresford, by the way, now stands eleventh in the list of the season's winning sires and in front of such notabilities as Hurry On, Pommern, Sansovino, Gay Crusader, Stratford and Papyrus. Disarmament, Portlaw and a dozen others have won twenty-two races up to date, of the value of £10,119. Beresford is by Friar Marcus, the Sandringham Stud sire.

Bearing in mind that he is only a three year old, I am disposed to place Heronslea's win of the Ayr Gold Cup as being the best handicap performance of the week. This Gold Cup affair is a six furlong handicap, and at the head of it was that wonderful old horse Oak Ridge. Apart from the question of his big weight, I could not take him seriously, because I doubt whether he gets six furlongs in the most favourable conditions. On this concluding day of the meeting there were rain and storm and worse going than ever. Yet against such odds Oak Ridge ran a right gallant race, filling third place three lengths and a short heat behind Heronslea and Knight Error.

Heronslea not only carried more weight than any other three year old, but he was conceding weight to all the old horses except Oak Ridge. It was his way of winning that made such an impression, for he came tearing through the mud to leave all his opponents hopelessly beaten. I had a good look at him before the race, because his kindly old trainer, Dobson Peacock, had been singing his praises. I found him to be a particularly powerful chestnut colt with very strong limbs and good feet. He certainly looked like being at an advantage in such going.

Heronslea's sire, Bachelor's Double, needs no commendation from me. For years he has been in the front rank, and now, when really an old horse, he seems to be actually making a spurt among the sires of the day. If Disarmament is the best two year old owned and trained in the north, then Heronslea is the best six furlong three year old and might well be right out of the ordinary next year. The north, by the way, did uncommonly well at the meeting. It is true Lord Derby won the West of Scotland Foal Plate with the Rose Prince filly Pot Pourri II—she had only two very bad ones to account for—but all the other leading events were won by northern stables, and especially did Elsey of Malton do well. He trains Disarmament and Doura.

Son in Law still holds his place as the leading sire of the season. This is rather remarkable, bearing in mind that he will very soon be twenty years old. It is ever so much to his credit that he has also had most winning horses apart from the total of stakes won—twenty-six winners of thirty-four and a half races, of the total value of £35,664. It is unusual to find that the leading sire towards the end of September in any year has not a classic winner to represent him. Nine times out of ten the leading sire has had a classic winner making a big contribution. Not so Son in Law this year. Rustom Pasha, of course, did him a lot of good when he won the Eclipse Stakes; so, also, did Bosworth when he won the Ascot Gold Cup, and Empire Builder and Parenthesis have brought distinction to him.

Gainsborough, with £31,842, is pressing him closely, followed by Phalaris and Tetratema. The four are a long way ahead of all others. Singapore is Gainsborough's champion, just as Fair Isle and Christopher Robin have maintained the wonderful stud record of Phalaris. Tetratema's best winners have been the two year olds, Atbara, Thyestes and Four Course. A sire of good two year olds should not drop out of the running for the championship in the coming year. Tetratema has yet, however, to sire a classic winner beyond the distance of the Two Thousand Guineas.

PHILIPPOS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

ACTIVITY IN COUNTRY SALES

THE autumn season seems full of promise that it may exceed in activity any period of the year. This week have come to hand announcements of sales of properties of large extent and admittedly historic importance, and we are glad that one seat at least has been bought for continuance residentially. All the properties have been fully announced in COUNTRY LIFE Estate Market page, and in one instance the agents ask us to say that the sale was the immediate result of an enquiry consequent upon such an announcement.

Hunton Manor, with fishing in a Test tributary, fully described in COUNTRY LIFE of August 23rd, has been sold within a day or two of the auction at Winchester by Messrs. James Harris and Son. The estate of over 150 acres had many Royal owners in bygone days.

Trout fishing is a valuable feature of Fishfold, Ockley, which has been sold by Messrs. King and Chasemore, who have disposed of The Chase, Southwater, between Worthing and Horsham, and, of special interest, Fernyn Woods Hall and 480 acres, in Northamptonshire, formerly part of the Royal Forest of Rockingham, to a client of Messrs. Fisher and Co.

PARNHAM, BEAMINSTER, SOLD.

PARNHAM HOUSE, Dorset, the subject of special articles in COUNTRY LIFE (Vol. XXIV, pages 288 and 320), has been recently occupied by the Yeo Vale Country Club, but has now been sold for private occupation, the agents in the matter being Messrs. Hankinson and Son. In 1910 the property was sold by the trustees of the late Mr. Vincent J. Robinson, C.I.E., F.S.A., to Dr. Hans Sauer for £22,000 by Messrs. Nicholas and Messrs. Hampton and Sons. Since then it has passed through the hands of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. It dates principally from the reign of Henry VII, although in the reign of "bluff King Hal" Sir Robert Strode "re-edified and enlarged" it, and added a gate-house and certain other features which have long ago disappeared. It is one of the few unspoilt and genuine examples of its period. Large sums have been judiciously spent in the upkeep and preservation of the house in recent years.

Besides the long list of sales effected by Messrs. Hampton and Sons, the firm has sold Alderwasley Hall at Matlock, forty-three lots of the estate, comprising farms, small holdings, cottages and woodlands, extending to over 1,300 acres, also mineral and sporting rights (the lots remaining unsold include the mansion and park, and may be treated for privately); The Hill, Wolverley, Kidderminster, 40 acres; Berkeley House, Wotton-under-Edge, a Jacobean residence, retaining many exceptional features of its period, set in delightful gardens; Lots 4 and 5 of Clopton House estate, Stratford-on-Avon (the remaining unsold lots, including the beautiful and historic residence, may be treated for privately); The Cottage, Esher; Westwood, Windlesham, a modern residence in over 20 acres (with Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley); Thorpe Cottage, Chertsey; Hainault, Epsom, a modern residence; Birchville, Bushey Heath, a freehold of 4½ acres; The Braes, Berkhamsted, freehold, 4½ acres; and Vacuna, Stoke Poges Lane, Slough, a freehold residence, also building land, sold at the recent auction, and since re-sold by private treaty.

AFRICA HOUSE, KINGSWAY.

GRAT changes are in progress or impending in London properties. The chief transaction announced for a long while in Central London is the sale of Africa House, which was opened in Kingsway in 1923. In all probability this sale, effected through the agency of Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff, marks a stage in the concentration of a vast business. The structure is one of the many in and near Kingsway designed by Messrs. Trehearne and Norman, Preston and Co., among them Adastral House, Shell Corner and the London School of Economics. One great merit of Africa House is that it is what it purports to be, namely, a genuine Portland stone structure, there being no reinforcement in the external walls. It is noteworthy, too, for its symbolical carving by Benjamin Clemens, and its noble gates of wrought iron by Singers of Frome, as well as its wealth of finely worked bronze and

marble in internal adornment, and for great originality and success in the design of the entrances and various requirements of staff and other accommodation.

GORHAMBURY: POSSIBILITIES.

LORD VERULAM'S estate at St. Albans, Gorbambury, came under the hammer at Hanover Square this week. There are many aspects of the estate which we have dwelt upon and could enlarge upon now, but there is one that deserves the consideration of the authorities, the practicability of saving so extensive and unsurpassed a tract so close to London in its entirety for application to a variety of public uses. Probably at present it could be bought for a fraction of what it will eventually be worth. Emphasis is rightly, of course, laid by the vendor upon the fact that the 6,160 acres possess fourteen miles of main road frontage, but, parcelled out in lots, as it must be if it passes into some hands, there would be all sorts of isolated and lamentable schemes for ribbon and hardly less objectionable development. As we see it, this estate is capable of being partly devoted to small holdings, partly to a comprehensive and rigidly controlled building scheme, and partly for use as a club and golf course. All this is, of course, subject to its not having found a buyer for retention in its entirety as a residential seat, which would after all be preferable. Lord Verulam's instructions are that the estate shall be sold as a whole. In its combination of residential, farming and sporting qualities, apart from its immediate value for development, Gorbambury is an estate the offering of which is of special importance. It lies on the main road from London to what promises to be one of the principal rural retreats of the people of London in years to come. Beyond it are Ashridge and the new Zoo at Whipsnade, soon to welcome its thousands of visitors every day.

The late Sir Vincent Caillard's seat, Wingfield House, two miles from Trowbridge, and extending to 1,000 acres, is to be offered by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. There are a beautiful old stone house with fishing in the Frome, which intersects the estate for two miles, seven dairy farms with old stone houses, two secondary residences, small holdings and cottages.

Colonel H. Sydney has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to sell Grey Gables, Broadway, on September 30th. Grey Gables, Cotswold architecture, dates from the reign of Henry VII. Gaines, Whitbourne, a Queen Anne house on the Hereford and Worcester border, is to be sold with 50 or 400 acres. In its garden there is a maze.

DEVON OFFERS.

THE late Sir George Newnes, one of the pioneers of the modern Press, loved Lynton, and lived in the heart of its most beautiful spot. The house, Hollerday Hill, though it was burned down in 1913, did not suffer irreparable loss of beauty, and the ruins are capable of reconstruction to provide a charming house at a very reasonable cost. With 66 acres it formed Lot 2 of an auction held yesterday by Messrs. Harrods, Limited, in the North Devon resort. The whole of the ground is thickly timbered with firs, larch, ornamental and flowering shrubs, interspersed by various walks leading to the summit of Hollerday Hill, about 800ft. above sea level, from which wonderful views may be enjoyed of the sea, the Foreland, Valley of Rocks and surrounding country, also the North Walk and Castle Rock. In the grounds is a double hard tennis court playable after slight renovation. Lot 1 was The Hoe, the home of the late Sir Thomas Hewitt, K.C., the views from which are of incredible loveliness and extent across the Bristol Channel.

To-day such of the lots of Stevenstone House estate as have not been sold—and some are already marked off in the illustrated particulars—will come under the hammer at Torrington at reserves absolutely ridiculous in their moderation. For hunting and other sport, and as a social district, Torrington is well known, and the kennels of the Stevenstone hounds are on the property. As lotted for disposal the estate is of 665 acres, including as a lot Stevenstone House (suitable, if not required as a residence, for an hotel, country club, institution or school), situate in a magnificently timbered park and containing four

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THE ESTATE MARKET

ACTIVITY IN COUNTRY SALES

THE autumn season seems full of promise that it may exceed in activity any period of the year. This week have come to hand announcements of sales of properties of large extent and admittedly historic importance, and we are glad that one at least has been bought for continuance residentially. All the properties have been fully announced in COUNTRY LIFE Estate Market page, and in one instance the agents ask us to say that the sale was the immediate result of an enquiry consequent upon such an announcement.

Hunton Manor, with fishing in a Test tributary, fully described in COUNTRY LIFE of August 23rd, has been sold within a day or two of the auction at Winchester by Messrs. James Harris and Son. The estate of over 150 acres had many Royal owners in bygone days.

Trout fishing is a valuable feature of Fishfolds, Ockley, which has been sold by Messrs. King and Chasemore, who have disposed of The Chase, Southwater, between Worthing and Horsham, and, of special interest, Fermyn Woods Hall and 480 acres, in Northamptonshire, formerly part of the Royal Forest of Rockingham, to a client of Messrs. Fisher and Co.

PARNHAM, BEAMINSTER, SOLD.

PARNHAM HOUSE, Dorset, the subject of special articles in COUNTRY LIFE (Vol. XXIV, pages 288 and 320), has been recently occupied by the Yeo Vale Country Club, but has now been sold for private occupation, the agents in the matter being Messrs. Hankinson and Son. In 1910 the property was sold by the trustees of the late Mr. Vincent J. Robinson, C.I.E., F.S.A., to Dr. Hans Sauer for £22,000 by Messrs. Nicholas and Messrs. Hampton and Sons. Since then it has passed through the hands of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. It dates principally from the reign of Henry VII, although in the reign of "bluff King Hal" Sir Robert Strode "re-edified and enlarged" it, and added a gate-house and certain other features which have long ago disappeared. It is one of the few unspoilt and genuine examples of its period. Large sums have been judiciously spent in the upkeep and preservation of the house in recent years.

Besides the long list of sales effected by Messrs. Hampton and Sons, the firm has sold Alderwasley Hall at Matlock, forty-three lots of the estate, comprising farms, small holdings, cottages and woodlands, extending to over 1,300 acres, also mineral and sporting rights (the lots remaining unsold include the mansion and park, and may be treated for privately); The Hill, Wolverley, Kidderminster, 40 acres; Berkeley House, Wotton-under-Edge, a Jacobean residence, retaining many exceptional features of its period, set in delightful gardens; Lots 4 and 5 of Clopton House estate, Stratford-on-Avon (the remaining unsold lots, including the beautiful and historic residence, may be treated for privately); The Cottage, Esher; Westwood, Windlesham, a modern residence in over 20 acres (with Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley); Thorpe Cottage, Chertsey; Hainault, Epsom, a modern residence; Birchville, Bushey Heath, a freehold of 4½ acres; The Braes, Berkhamsted, freehold, 4½ acres; and Vacuna, Stoke Poges Lane, Slough, a freehold residence, also building land, sold at the recent auction, and since re-sold by private treaty.

AFRICA HOUSE, KINGSWAY.

GREAT changes are in progress or impending in London properties. The chief transaction announced for a long while in Central London is the sale of Africa House, which was opened in Kingsway in 1923. In all probability this sale, effected through the agency of Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff, marks a stage in the concentration of a vast business. The structure is one of the many in and near Kingsway designed by Messrs. Trehearne and Norman, Preston and Co., among them Adastral House, Shell Corner and the London School of Economics. One great merit of Africa House is that it is what it purports to be, namely, a genuine Portland stone structure, there being no reinforcement in the external walls. It is noteworthy, too, for its symbolical carving by Benjamin Clemens, and its noble gates of wrought iron by Singers of Frome, as well as its wealth of finely worked bronze and

marble in internal adornment, and for great originality and success in the design of the entrances and various requirements of staff and other accommodation.

GORHAMBURY: POSSIBILITIES.

LORD VERULAM'S estate at St. Albans, Gorbamby, came under the hammer at Hanover Square this week. There are many aspects of the estate which we have dwelt upon and could enlarge upon now, but there is one that deserves the consideration of the authorities, the practicability of saving so extensive and unsurpassed a tract so close to London in its entirety for application to a variety of public uses. Probably at present it could be bought for a fraction of what it will eventually be worth. Emphasis is rightly, of course, laid by the vendor upon the fact that the 6,160 acres possess fourteen miles of main road frontage, but, parcelled out in lots, as it must be if it passes into some hands, there would be all sorts of isolated and lamentable schemes for ribbon and hardly less objectionable development. As we see it, this estate is capable of being partly devoted to small holdings, partly to a comprehensive and rigidly controlled building scheme, and partly for use as a club and golf course. All this is, of course, subject to its not having found a buyer for retention in its entirety as a residential seat, which would after all be preferable. Lord Verulam's instructions are that the estate shall be sold as a whole. In its combination of residential, farming and sporting qualities, apart from its immediate value for development, Gorbamby is an estate the offering of which is of special importance. It lies on the main road from London to what promises to be one of the principal rural retreats of the people of London in years to come. Beyond it are Ashridge and the new Zoo at Whipsnade, soon to welcome its thousands of visitors every day.

The late Sir Vincent Caillard's seat, Wingfield House, two miles from Trowbridge, and extending to 1,000 acres, is to be offered by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. There are a beautiful old stone house with fishing in the Frome, which intersects the estate for two miles, seven dairy farms with old stone houses, two secondary residences, small holdings and cottages.

Colonel H. Sydney has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to sell Grey Gables, Broadway, on September 30th. Grey Gables, Cotswold architecture, dates from the reign of Henry VII. Gaines, Whitbourne, a Queen Anne house on the Hereford and Worcester border, is to be sold with 50 or 400 acres. In its garden there is a maze.

DEVON OFFERS.

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4.—LIVING-ROOM IN A £1,000 HOUSE. THE FURNITURE IS STEEL.



5.—SITTING-ROOM IN A TOWN FLAT, WITH SPECIALLY DESIGNED FURNITURE.



6.—ALL-ELECTRIC KITCHEN IN THE SAME FLAT AS FIG. 1.

tenants complaining that their homes were as bare as barracks. Since then he has sanctioned a gayer note for interiors, and even encouraged artists to decorate them.

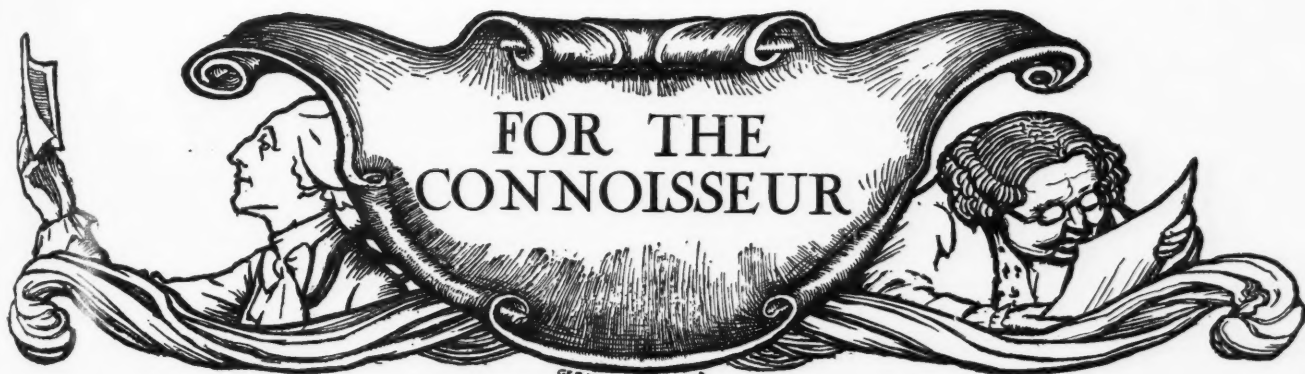
The sitting-room shown as Fig. 5 is of a more expensive flat, with furniture designed by the architect of the house—furniture which will be recognised as frankly experimental.

When criticising the decoration of these houses it must be borne in mind that the exhibition authorities only provided the cost of the house itself. The equipment, hangings and furniture had to be found by the architect, and he naturally had to persuade manufacturers and shops that it was to their advantage to lend him their wares for display. Theoretically, they should have jumped at the opportunity. Those who have any experience of exhibitions, and the habits of the crowds who attend them, know that lending is another name for giving. The architects, therefore, are often to be thankful for what they received rather than looking farther afield for the ideal article. It must be said that the small simple interiors are by far the most successful, not only showing to better advantage the careful planning which has been devoted to them, but having the air of being more pleasant to live in. The less said about the expensive furniture the better. But a good word must be said for the colour schemes, which are usually delightful. The Swedes have a natural eye for colour, revealed in their textiles and pottery, so that the simplest little flat is made to appear individual and charming.

We must devote a word or two to the kitchen. The Swedish architects have given more attention to this than to any other room in the house, and the scheme to rationalise house production—standard size bricks, windows, doors, etc.—has actually been realised in the sphere of the kitchen. Cleanliness and elimination of unnecessary movements have obviously been achieved very substantially, and in a way which no amount of individual labour-saving devices, excellent in themselves, could effect. Notice how the tables, cooker and sink in Fig. 6 are at the same height; the cooker in the middle, not in a corner. Standardisation of utensils has been carried through, and cupboard space being small in the flat, a cheap refrigerating plant has been evolved. In the kitchen here illustrated, a small table is seen by the window. This is for small meals, the larger ones being taken in the living-room. The equipment is all-electric.

I feel that we have much to learn from the small Swedish flat and house, not only because of similarity of conditions, but also because the Swedes have really given more thought to the subject than we have, and have not lost the tradition of seemingly simple architecture in which we excelled until a century ago. One feels strongly the need of such an exhibition here. It would have to be sufficiently well backed financially to be at least partially independent of trade interests, and sufficiently wide in scope to attract the younger architects and decorators among whom we have more talent than the public supposes. Individual firms in this country show great enterprise in developing and advertising various domestic inventions, which in practice are anything but ideal because of the faulty planning of our interiors. It is time architects extended their functions to these matters, and perhaps it is a good thing that so many women are now entering the profession. Such an exhibition would prove a most desirable stimulus to trade and might render less formidable than at present the business of Preserving Rural England.

NOEL CARRINGTON.



SEVENTEENTH CENTURY FURNITURE at MELCHET COURT

THE most notable furniture at Melchet Court comprises the magnificent collection of Italian pieces formed by Lord Melchet's father, Dr. Ludvig Mond. These fill the spacious rooms of the main portion of the mid-Victorian house. But there are, in addition, a number of fine examples of English furniture belonging to the oak and walnut periods, and it is these which form the subject of this article. Most of these pieces have been acquired at different times to furnish the dining-room, a new room designed by Mr. Darcy Braddell just before the War in the wing connecting the main block with the offices. Its low ceiling, mullioned windows and oak-lined walls make it an appropriate setting for furniture of Jacobean and Stuart characteristics, which would appear lost in the softer Victorian rooms.

The oak buffet with splay front (Fig. 1) is an exceptionally fine specimen of its time. Towards the end of the sixteenth century the open type of buffet with superimposed shelves began to be introduced, but those which retain the cupboard represent the older traditional form which developed from the Gothic sideboard. This was in origin simply a hutch or chest raised on legs, the hutch portion gradually evolving as a three-panelled cupboard with the central panel opening as a door. The next stage was the splaying of the sides of the cupboard to leave room for supports at either angle. This development, which took place towards the end of the Elizabethan period, must have been dictated by decorative considerations, since a cupboard of this shape was obviously of less practical use. It allowed, however, a repetition in the upper portion of the carved and ornamented supports, whose bulbous form was so much to the taste of Elizabethan and Jacobean craftsmen. In the earlier examples these are often very pronounced, but the addition of voluted capitals gradually imposed restrictions on their girth, and in James I's reign they become sensibly thinner. The reducing process had already been carried a certain distance when the piece illustrated here was made, which points to a date in the first decade or so of the seventeenth century. The bold gadrooning of the drawer and the carving of the legs are admirably done. So, too, is the inlaying of the cupboard panels with graceful designs of floral arabesques. A band of chequered inlay runs along either frieze and other surround the cupboard panel. An unusual feature is

the provision of a back piece to the lower portion of the buffet, which is decorated with inlaid panels and strips of carving in low relief. Such buffets as this are really first cousins of the court cupboard, which, indeed, in contemporary inventories is the term used indifferently for each of the two types. Sometimes, however, a more detailed specification, such as that which occurs at Ingatestone in 1600, of "two courte buffett cupboards wth low bottoms," tells us that a piece of the kind illustrated here is meant.

Elizabethan and Jacobean furniture, by its richness and elaboration of detail, reflects the tastes and characteristics of its age. No less does the contrasting simplicity of pieces made during the Puritan ascendancy and the succeeding period of exuberance when Court life began again with the return of the King. It was not long before the artists and craftsmen of the Restoration began to indulge once more their latent interest in fine carving and costly workmanship. The two high-backed walnut chairs (Figs. 3 and 4), selected for illustration from a number of fine examples, are typical of the Late Stuart period and the fashions it borrowed from the Continent. This type of chair originated in France, was then introduced into Holland, and subsequently came *via* Holland into England. The early English imitations are often of somewhat rude workmanship, but our furniture makers rapidly improved at their job and were soon copying Continental examples so skilfully that it is often difficult to state with certainty their provenance. There seems no reason to doubt, however, that both these are English examples. Fig. 3 illustrates one of a set of chairs which was once at Anderson

Manor. It will probably date from about 1680. The oval caning of the back, supported by scrolls, was a fashion which became popular with the arrival in England of Louise de Quéraille, whom Charles afterwards created Duchess of Portsmouth, and the scrolled front legs are also of French origin. In the cresting of the back the usual Stuart *motif* is still found—two amorini supporting a crown, symbolising the happy restoration of monarchy. The same device is repeated on the front stretcher. For the uprights and cross-stretcher turned balusters replace the earlier fashion of spirals. In Fig. 4 we see the later version of the high-backed chair in the form it had assumed towards the end of William III's reign. The caning has now broadened out to the full width of the



1.—OAK BUFFET WITH SPLAY FRONT INLAID WITH FLORAL DESIGNS. Circa 1610.

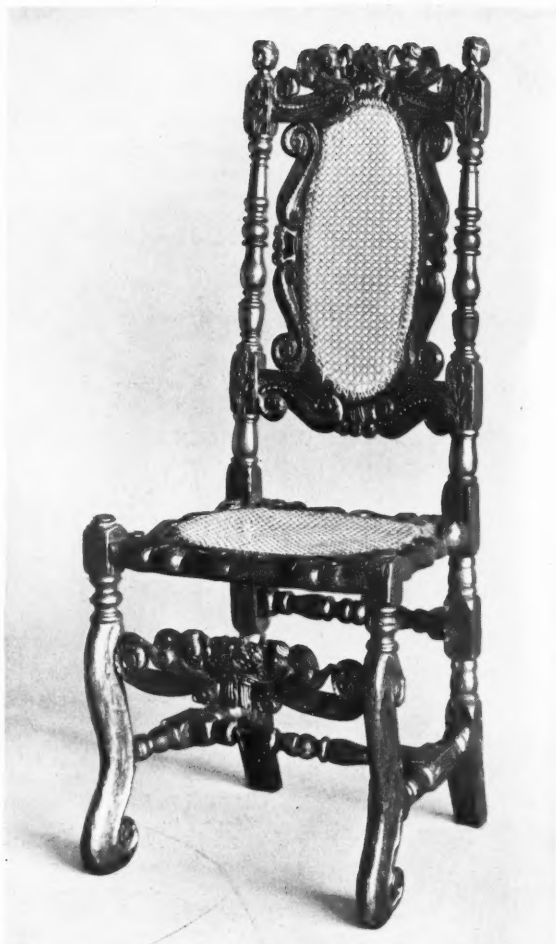
back, the uprights of which are shaped, while an elaborate composition of carved scrolls and fruit forms the cresting. The legs have taken on the familiar cabriole shape, and the stretcher, formed of uniting scrolls, is recessed and flat. Carving is found on the knees of the legs and on an apron piece depending from the front. The whole design reflects markedly contemporary Continental influence.

The love of gaiety and exuberance which marks the Restoration period—whether on the stage, in costume or in furniture—finds completest expression in the extravagantly rich cabinets of Oriental design which it became fashionable for every rich house to possess. Although they were originally introduced from China and Japan, it was not long before European craftsmen began to imitate the gaily coloured Eastern scenes wrought in red and gold, and black and gold lacquer. The European process was essentially different from that employed in the East, gum-lac being the principal sap used in preparing the special varnishes for the necessary ground. As usual, the inspiration came to England from France and Holland, where, it has been suggested, Chinese artists were introduced to instruct the native craftsmen. English attempts at imitation are clumsy at first both in form and decoration, but gradually attain greater refinement towards the close of Charles II's reign. The unusually fine specimen



2.—RED AND GOLD LACQUERED CABINET WITH CARVED AND GILT CRESTING AND STAND. *Circa 1690.*

at Melchet (Fig. 2) probably belongs to the early years of William and Mary, when red lacquer was first introduced. The Oriental scenes depicted on the doors and sides are typical examples of the English cabinet-makers' attempt to reproduce Eastern designs, specimens of which Stalker and Parker inserted in their *Treatise of Japanning and Varnishing* (published in 1688). But of greater interest in this example is the miraculous carving of the stand and cresting. In early examples this is often rather coarse, but here the intricate whorls of foliage with their groups of flowers and fruit are combined into a marvellously involved yet flowing pattern. The legs are of the form found in the earlier cabinets, resembling in outline the hind legs of a dog. The very pronounced "joints" are decorated with fruit and flowers, while finely carved acanthus foliage unrolls itself to the scrolls of the feet. The cresting is even more a *tour de force* of naturalistic carving. Two birds realistically carved crown a composition which is made up of finely executed scrolls, naturalistic flowers, leaves and even vegetables—two half-opened pea pods may be noted. The brass mounts for hinges, angle pieces and lock plate are fine examples of contemporary English work. Before Lord Melchett acquired this splendid piece it was in the collection of the late Mr. R. S. Holford of Westonbirt.



3.—WALNUT HIGH-BACKED CHAIR, ONE OF A SET
Circa 1680.



4.—WALNUT CHAIR WITH TALL CANED BACK AND
CABRIOLE LEGS. *Circa 1700.*



THE GARDEN



DESIGN IN PLANTING

THE kind of gardening I propose to discuss has no name that adequately describes it. We use the term "informal" to indicate anything and everything in garden design that is not evolved on strictly geometrical or symmetrical lines. Informal is, however, too broad and indefinite a term to use here, but at the same time it is probably the only one sufficiently comprehensive to cover all its varying aspects; but it is not informal in the sense that it is formless. All its effects are the result of deliberate design, of conscious effort to provide perspective, continuity of purpose, harmony of association and, above all, that sense of freedom and the natural well-being of its vegetation that are often absent in gardens where areas and boundaries are restricted by the limitations imposed by geometrical design.

To deal with this in a practical way I am taking as an example a site that actually exists, and, although a plan is rather a poor and ineffective way of conveying all the elements of such a situation, it does assist in illustrating the theory and practice of the proposals made for its development. It is necessary to appreciate the fact that the total area covered by the plan is roughly about 10 acres. Imagine this as originally covered with seedling birch, bracken, various forms of wild erica, weeds, rushes in the damp spots, and a number of trees which are shown individually on the plan.

The whole area has a southern slope down towards the lake at the bottom, the total fall from top to bottom being approximately 80ft. At certain points the presence of rushes and boggy land indicates the presence of water, probably shallow springs, and it is bounded on the east and west by open ditches in which there is always moisture. Beyond the lake the slope rises again and is richly timbered. The site under consideration forms, in fact, the lower slope of a valley. An examination of the existing wild vegetation indicates instantly that the soil is lime-free, and soil samples show that, although variable from point to point, it is good practically everywhere. Sheltered on all sides by tall trees, the major portion of it is open to every ray of sunshine, while

its eastern and western borders lie permanently in partial shade during certain periods of the day.

But there is a preliminary consideration that is so important that to neglect it would be to mar all effort. The disposition of the trees over the site is such that natural vistas are formed and focussed. Two or three trees here and there will have to be removed. The first thing to consider is how these natural views may be emphasised, beautified and permanently maintained. In contemplating this aspect of the development, the question of future paths will also enter largely, since the open spaces maintained by the paths will in themselves become long "through" vistas. It is not only unnecessary but objectionable to develop an intricate system of paths that will form a pattern. There must be open sunny ways that pass through interesting incidents, and these should be fairly direct. There must be shadowed tracks that lead on definitely to some desirable spot, but do not hesitate to turn aside to avoid a tree, or ease a gradient. A curve in the path here and there may make all the difference between comfortable walking and strenuous climbing.

This does not mean that it is necessary to make the paths double back on themselves, nor that curves are introduced for the sake of having curves. If one sets out to make them as direct as possible, avoiding obstructions, rough or wet patches, and place them so that there is ample space on both sides for the necessary planting, the line of beauty will come of itself.

It so happens that towards the top of the slope is a fine group of sweet chestnut, a handsome tree in itself, especially when in flower, but when well disposed in a group forms a very delightful shady retreat. In this case seats placed under the chestnuts command a view right down the slope towards the water, and one of the main vista lines must, therefore, start from this point and lead on to the lake below (see Line B on plan).

The entrance to this garden from the house will be at points A and C, and for sundry reasons that at A will become the most important of the two. I suggest that it is desirable to leave the



THE STately LILium GIGANTEUM MASSed ALONG WITH FOXGLOVES IN THE SHADY RECESSES OF THE WOODLAND.

clumps of seedling birches shown in the plan, clearing all the remainder. By thinning from time to time and leaving the best, in a few years the site will be practically enclosed and the main views divided by groups of tall silver birch. Thus one will skirt a little birch copse emerging at point A, and from this entrance there should be arranged a long, direct view, carefully planted so that the vision will be directed along a pleasing line to the first glimpse of the water obtainable. This vista will be almost diagonal across the site and down it can be directed one of the main path lines, and having settled this as a necessity the remainder are easily determined.

This would be what I have described as a sunny path. The second entrance (C) must also have its line of view clearly defined, but a continuous path is quite unnecessary, and for various reasons undesirable here. This view will be under and through a group of oaks, and will, therefore, be a framed picture. It will probably be necessary to remove one tree to clear the line. Thus three main lines of vision are opened up, and in the plan there is one cross view terminating in woodland at one end and an imposing group of beautiful birches (D) at the other.

Now about the paths. The first essential is that there should be dry access where necessary, and they should be formed as unobtrusively as possible consistent with this comfort. Gravel may be comfortable, but introduces a very unpleasing colour note and, moreover, looks too artificial. An excellent path can be formed by removing a few inches of the top soil and spreading coarse ashes, surfacing with fine ashes in which is mixed 25 per cent. of fine granite chips. Wetted and rolled, this makes smooth and pleasant walking at any time and in any weather. In a very short time, in such a situation, it will get covered with grey-green moss, and the planting can be brought right up to the edges (dwarf, creeping shrubby plants) and used to form an irregular margin. Five to six feet wide is a good walking area. Another attractive path



AN ATTRACTIVE VISTA CREATED BY GOOD PLANTING AND THE ARRANGEMENT OF WELL DISPOSED GROUPS OF SHRUBS WHICH INTRODUCE A NOTE OF COLOUR AT DIFFERENT SEASONS.

Messrs. R. W. Wallace.

is formed by cutting the existing common heather down and mowing it occasionally. This makes a delightful cushiony, carpet-like walk and can be achieved by planting heather, if time is given for it to get established before it is walked upon. If the path has to cross a boggy place, some broad flat stones should be laid in just far enough apart for comfortable stepping; but even this formal treatment is to be avoided if possible. Of course, there will also be grassy areas where one will wander at will. The great thing is to make the pathways look and be inviting walks, and not rigid and neat.

Now for some of the planting effects to be indulged in. Starting at the entrance marked C, I picture a broad open space leading towards the group of oaks and flanked on both sides by the existing birches to be left. This open space would really be a broad cutting through the birches about a hundred feet wide. When the ground in this area is cleared and cleaned, I would carpet it down with all sorts of erica to flower at every possible period of the year. Scattered among it would be dwarf Spanish gorse (*Genista hispanica*), some of the dwarf and more prostrate brooms, such as *Cytisus Kewensis*, *Beanii*, *Arduinii*, etc. Then I would add irregular patches of the dwarf berberis and a number of other dwarf shrubs, creating in effect a bit of heather moorland with garden varieties instead of wild. In the recesses on the fringe of the birch right and left, could be introduced bold masses of flowering, foliage and berrying shrubs, selected as much for spring flower, autumn tints, and winter flower and berry as possible. *Cotoneasters* and *Hamamelis mollis* are two examples of dozens that could be mentioned. The space under the oaks should only be planted with early spring bulbous plants, aconites, snowdrops, scillas and others, spaces being reserved for seats.

Just below the oaks my path would diverge. One branch would lead to the left right across the ground to form a sunny promenade and along this I should not plant intensively, but keep the area open. The other would lead to the right along the fringe of the woodland. On the left of it I am suggesting leaving another clump of birch, and just below this clump the ground is very wet. At this wet spot I propose digging out a pool first for the attraction



A PATH IN A WOODLAND GARDEN FLANKED BY MASSES OF RHODODENDRONS AND AZALEAS AND EDGED WITH HEATHS.

Primulas in variety carpet the margins of a small stream in the hollow.

of the pool itself, but also to form a sort of catchpit into which other damp patches can be drained, the water so collected would then overflow through a shallow stream down to the lake below. To assist in maintaining wet conditions throughout the length of this stream I am suggesting diverting the ditch, shown by dotted lines on the western boundary, into the pool. Just imagine what a wonderful spot this stream would be along which to plant all the moisture-loving Asiatic primulas—*pulverulenta*, *japonica*, *Bulleyana*, *Beesia*, *sikkimensis* and other species with all the beautiful hybrids they have produced. The North American bog lilies, *pardalinum*, *canadense*, and *superbum*, would also thrive in such conditions, and in the shady recesses the magnificent *Lilium giganteum* would find a happy home. In the open sunny spots groups and masses of the moisture-loving irises, both Asiatic and American, would delight to grow: *I. sibirica*, *lævigata*, *chrysographes*, *Forrestii* and a host of others, of course, not omitting a few bold groups of the glorious Japanese *Iris kämpferi*.

There would be spaces also for epimediums and trilliums, astilbes and spiræas, reeds and grasses, the bold leaved *Senecios* and here and there groups of moisture-loving shrubs such as the *Cornus*, the moisture-loving azaleas such as *Vaseyi* and the North American swamp honeysuckle, *Azalea viscosum*—the first because of its early and the latter because of its late flowering—and both for their fragrance, and a host of other azaleas. Along the woodland fringe and anywhere where suitable spaces were available I would plant the varieties of *Cornus alba* in groups and cut them down every year to obtain the brilliance of their bark in winter. On the other side of the path, in positions in which they could have plenty of room to develop, I should like to introduce *Cornus florida* and its variety with red bracts, *C. florida rubra*, *C. Kousa* for its butterfly-like flowers and wonderful autumn tint, and also the beautiful *C. Nuttalli*.

But the stream walk is not the only planting we have to consider. Although its possibilities have barely been suggested, it is the broader open areas in which our finest efforts will ultimately develop.

In the first place, any vista should have one main motif, a general and concerted effect. By this I mean that one should place at more or less regular intervals specimens or groupings of one genus that will dominate that particular area and cause it to be known as the Magnolia Vista, the Maple Vista, and so on. It should be remembered that when these are planted they will probably be small, and when they have matured they will be large. Therefore it is necessary to give them ample space so that some years hence they neither crowd themselves or other occupants of their particular vista. In planting such vistas it is almost inevitable to indulge in the extravagance of overplanting in the early days. The best method to adopt is to conceive what is to be the ultimate effect and plan and plant for it. Then fill in the spaces with material of a more temporary nature but which will provide furnishing colour and interest during the first few years, being careful so to dispose the permanent features

that they will in time to come form such a composition that their presence will of themselves determine which part of the planting has to be removed. In such a garden I should want a lilac time, a cherry time, a period of flowering crabs, a magnolia view, a maple walk and, indeed, as many varied arrangements as the space would allow. Above all, I should want to plant in the very early days some of the newer and rarer species and varieties of each genus. The fact being that they will inevitably be very small specimens, early planting is the only way one can hope to enjoy them in anything like maturity in a lifetime. Some of these are *Magnolias Wilsonii*, *Delavayi* and *Campbellii*, and in each case it is as well to give them at least the shelter of surrounding vegetation, and in very cold districts something more. The older and more easily obtained *Magnolia parviflora* should also be planted with them.

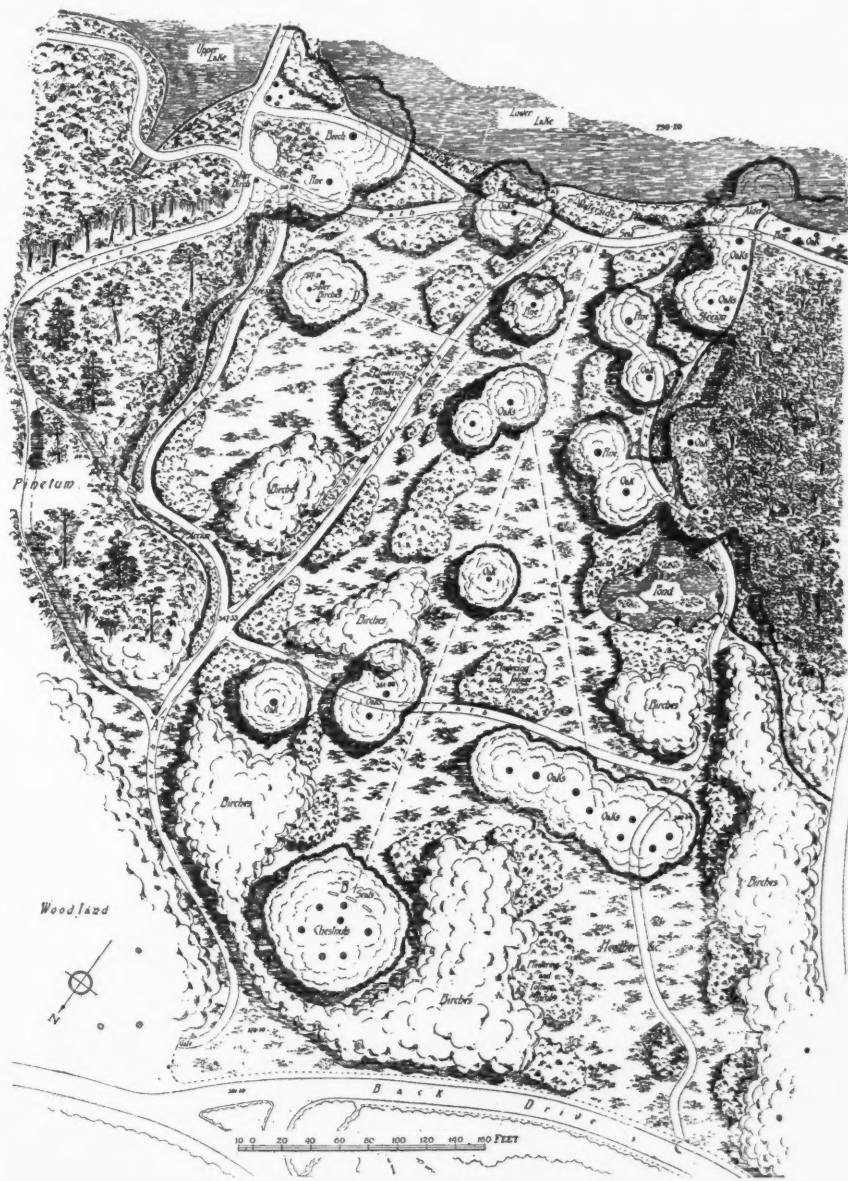
Acer griseum for its handsome summer foliage, autumn

tints and the colourful note when its bark peels in flakes, *A. Nikoense* and *A. Davidii*, although very different species, are alike in one characteristic, that they light up the landscape brilliantly in autumn. *Davidia involucrata*, the Chinese ghost tree, by no means new, but still rare. *Disanthus cercioides*, difficult to obtain, but well worth the effort. *Corylopsis Willmottii* and *platyptala lavis*, early to flower, and beautiful in foliage in both spring and autumn. Both these and others like them are the gems for which the place must be carefully chosen. The main planting would, of course, consist of less rare material that could be planted where required in drifts and groups. In such a garden there would be broad areas between the garden effects of the future to occupy with the effects of the present. These would be produced with drifts of heaths, among which a few groups of the forms of *Erica arborea* should be included, and the rosy-coloured *E. australis*, *E.*

codonoides for its winter and spring flower, and the hybrid *E. Veitchiana* to succeed it. *Berberis*, too, could be freely used, particularly *Thunbergii* and its variety *purpurea*, both of which turn vivid crimson and orange in the autumn; *Berberis Wilsonæ* and a number of Chinese species more or less closely allied to it, *kalmias*, *andromedas*, *vacciniums*, rose species (such as *Moyesii*, *Hugonis*, *sericea pteracantha* and others), *Eucryphia pinnatifolia* and *cordifolia*, and the very fine hybrid between the two, *E. Nymansii*, which combines the evergreen habit of *cordifolia* with the pinnate foliage of its other parent, and a wonderful flower in addition.

Each separate vista should have its unique interest, and this can be carried through all its arrangement, no matter whether it is the taller-growing and longer-lived specimens or in the more ephemeral undergrowth and temporary furnishing. Those shrubs that do not require shelter can be planted in such a way that they will afford it to those that do. Colour at all times should be well distributed throughout the garden, with here and there strong, even intense, points balanced in the view but never the counterpart of each other.

Of the waterside I propose to say nothing on this occasion. In any case it is more a matter for spring planting, but it must



A PLANTING DESIGN FOR A WOODLAND SITE.

never be forgotten that all our design leads on and down to the water's edge.

Such a garden as this will be representative of the vegetation throughout the temperate zones of the whole world from Eastern Japan to the Pacific coast of America. There will never be a

moment in the year when it will be without beauty of form, colour or altogether lack interest, and once achieved and well started neither the most dire neglect nor the most disastrous winter conditions likely to prevail in Britain can ever entirely annul its charm.

GEORGE DILLISTONE.

REMAKING the HERBACEOUS BORDER

BORDER PERENNIALS FOR EARLY AUTUMN PLANTING.

ALTHOUGH the question of the best time to plant the vast majority of hardy herbaceous border perennials is one on which no two gardeners are agreed, there is little doubt that there is no better season than the early autumn for the carrying out of all the repairs that are only too necessary in the garden after the display of the spring and summer. Recent memories of the great frost in the spring of last year, which severely crippled if it did not actually kill most autumn-planted material, may lead to some hesitation on the part of the gardener to repeat such a costly method of procedure. But if the truth were told, it was only in the case of the late autumn planted things where severe casualties were registered. Plants that had been set in late September and early October and had got firmly established with the aid of a still warm and moist soil came through the ordeal with flying colours, whereas their less fortunate neighbours consigned to a cold and unyielding soil in November, lay unanchored in their shelter, were frozen hard and promptly killed when the thaw came. There can only be one lesson to be learned from such an experience, and that is to plant as early as possible in the autumn.

While it is perfectly true that the great bulk of herbaceous perennials are so hardy and of so enduring a nature that they will stand removal and planting in either autumn or spring, the young plants are put to the test far more if planted in March and April, depending on soil and weather conditions, with a trying spring of dry, cold winds following immediately after planting. It is not always convenient to commence the renovation of the hardy flower borders in early autumn and to rip up everything for replanting, particularly if summer trails into autumn, as it frequently has a habit of doing in this uncertain climate of ours, and there is a tolerably good display of bloom; but at least it is well worth while making a start with all those things which have long since gone to their winter's rest. The nature of the soil, however, is an important factor governing the time of planting. In gardens blest with light and medium loamy or sandy soils, there need be no hesitation in planting almost every hardy perennial in early autumn. Delphiniums, irises, peonies, pyrethrums, phloxes and lupins will transplant much better in early autumn in such ground than in early spring. But where a heavy, cold and tenacious clay obtains, then it is unwise even in early autumn to undertake the planting of such things as perennial larkspurs, which will rarely survive a winter under such inhospitable conditions when they are without safe anchorage and exposed to continual rains and alternating periods of frost and thaw. No definite rules can be laid down as to which season to adopt.

Common sense and individual conditions are the best guides in the end; but, whichever season is chosen for the work, make a point of doing it early on; and, while there is something to be said on both sides, more favour, if the soil conditions are right, attaches to early autumn than to spring, partly for the reason that certain plants, like phloxes and peonies, for example, move better at this time than in spring, and that an earlier and better display is ensured and partly because, if the main border planting is completed in early autumn, there need be little interference with other planting duties and more time left available in the spring for filling in the inevitable gaps that occur after the winter season of frost and wet.

Of those perennials that are best set in their permanent places during late September and October—the earlier the better—there is none more important than the peony, a noble plant, possessed of both beauty of flower and foliage and one which will add distinction to the border it graces. It is essential to obtain from a reliable source good sound plants with three to five crowns, for only such material will establish itself quickly and provide bloom the first year. It does best in a deeply dug soil generously treated with manure, into which its long thong-like roots may descend and there remain for three or four years until division of the crowns is called for. To see peonies in their full beauty, they should be planted in groups of at least three to five plants massed towards the front line of the border, so that their massive globes may dominate the border in early June. There is ample choice among present-day varieties to suit every taste and pocket, and the intending planter can do no better than consult the list of varieties offered by such renowned growers as Messrs. Kelways, who have many of the finest of modern varieties to their credit. As a guide, however, a good half-dozen varieties will be found in Sarah Bernhardt, James William Kelway, President Poincaré, Kelway's Unique, Lady Alexandra Duff and Una Howard, with Duchess de Nemours as a reserve.

Among hardy flowers there are few more distinguished in appearance than the delphinium, a plant that is indispensable to the early summer border. Provided the soil is light and well drained, planting can be done now, and, beyond deep preparation and the provision of good nourishment, nothing need be done to coax it to success, except, perhaps, to keep a watch for the wandering slug in early spring and to provide occasional doses of liquid manure in late spring. There is now a wide range of varieties, embracing all shades of blue, violet, lavender, mauve and purple, and the gardener should have little difficulty, unless it be the overwhelming numbers which confuse, in arriving at a choice



AN EARLY SUMMER BORDER WHERE PEONIES, LUPINS AND IRISES PREDOMINATE.

suitable to his pocket. The real pure and clear blue is by no means such a common shade as one would suppose, judging from the many varieties flatteringly described as blue, and one of the best blues I have seen is a comparatively new variety called Hunsdon Dell, which was well shown at the Delphinium Society's Show this year. Clarissa, another modern introduction, is also good. Of the other varieties, Mrs. Townley Parke, Millicent Blackmore,

Nora Ferguson, King of Delphiniums, Robert Cox, Edward Bromet, Rev. E. Lascelles, Lord Lansdowne, Smoke of War and General Sir Douglas Haig are all hard to beat in their shades of colour; but one must go to the modern productions to see the improvement in habit and the increase in size of flower which have been registered by such growers as Blackmore and Langdon in recent years. Mrs. Paul Nelke is a fine blue of stately habit, and Lady Augusta is of a rich, deep shade of striking beauty. Mrs. Foster Cunliffe, Lady Edith and Lady Eleanor are three others of impressive splendour which are worthy of a place for their grand spikes of bloom. With more tapering spires the



A WELL PLANTED DOUBLE BORDER WHERE THE VALUE OF BOLD GROUPING IS WELL SHOWN.

light soils, than almost all other perennials, largely because their roots are seldom at rest. Spring planting, unless done carefully, involves certain injury to newly formed root fibres, which results in a loss of stamina from which the plants may not recover if a dry spring and summer follow on top of planting. They are invaluable for the August border, and now that their range of shades has been widened so considerably and the plants improved so much in the size of flower trusses and in the individual blooms, they are deserving of greatly extended cultivation. In the border they should be massed in bold groups at intervals along its length, so that they dominate the display from late July until early September

Wrexham varieties, represented by Monarch of Wales, Coquette and Advancement, are quite distinct in habit, and well grown plants possess both remarkable beauty and dignity. Even although one's soil prevents planting in October, there is no better time for ordering to ensure that the varieties desired for special effects may be obtained.

With the probable exception of peonies, phloxes respond better to early autumn planting, particularly in

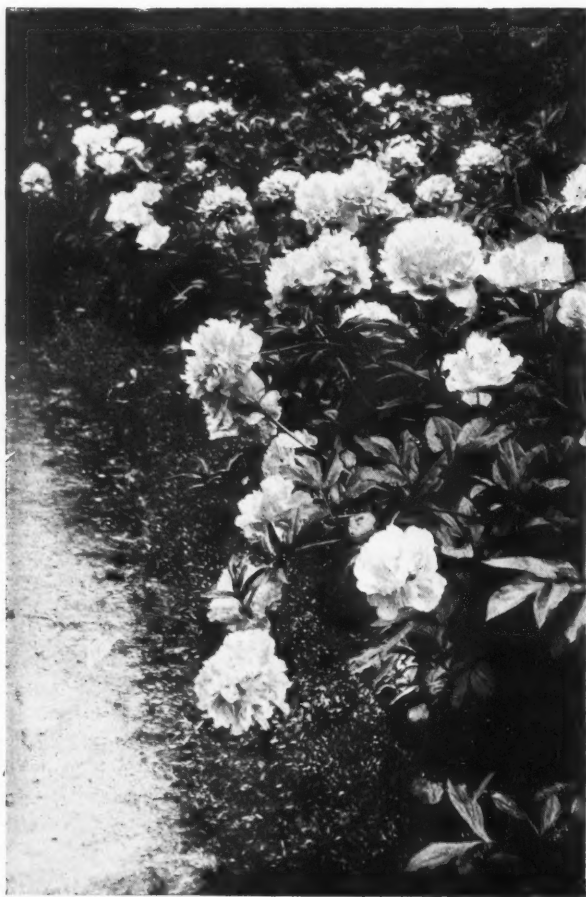


THE MAGNIFICENCE OF THE JUNE BORDER.

With its main masses of delphiniums, lupins, oriental poppies, pyrethrums, eremuri, irises and peonies.

and become to the border in late summer what the delphiniums and peonies are earlier in the season. Of the innumerable varieties I should recommend Coquelicot, still one of the most striking of scarlets; Le Mahdi, a deep rich purple; Border Gem, deep blue; Frau Ant. Buchner and La Neige, with massive trusses of pure snow white; Elizabeth Campbell, Mrs. Van Hoboken and Apple Blossom, all of a soft pink; and the bright pink Daily Sketch and the scarlet Leo Schlageter.

For the June display, to usher in the beauties of the peonies and larkspurs, we have a most valuable trio in the lupins, bearded irises and pyrethrums, all of which respond to early autumn planting so that they may get well established before the winter. Lupins have been vastly improved within recent years, particularly in regard to their colour range, which is now remarkably wide. The apricot and biscuit shades are especially charming and are most impressive in effect when massed in clumps of half a dozen plants. There are now good strains to be had which come fairly true from seed, but where colour effects are aimed at named varieties are the more dependable. Goldcrest, Golden Spire and C. M. Prichard are three of the best of the orangy apricots, to which might be added Bronze Queen; while Downer's Delight is still one of the best carmine pinks. Sunshine is the outstanding yellow, Penelope or Opal a good blue, and Black Knight a rich deep blue



THE EARLY AUTUMN IS THE BEST SEASON FOR THE PLANTING OF PEONIES.

purple. Chocolate Soldier is also good, and there are several attractive soft pinks to choose from in that shade.

The modern June-flowering irises are border plants of dual purpose with their handsome leaves which make such an admirable foil to the swelling masses of more lowly things like thrifts and pinks which carpet the edge, and their elegant candelabra-like spires of flowers; and, even although they last but a short time in bloom, they are to be welcomed for their delicate and harmonious colouring. Both from the cultural and effect points of view they must have a place near the edge, fairly clear of ground cover so that their rhizomes can get a thorough roasting after flowering. There have been many splendid varieties introduced within the last few years, and from their ranks Ambassadeur, Alcazar, Souvenir de Mme Gaudichau and its greatly improved counterpart Sirius, the handsome Dominion, Bruno, the yellow Amber, the old pallida dalmatica, Mrs. George G. Whitelegg, Corrida, Mlle. Schwartz, Afterglow, Ballerine, Lent A. Williamson and Micheline Charriere are all to be recommended as reliable and handsome irises.

For splashes of colour in the front rank of the June border there is no more serviceable plant than the pyrethrum, which has also undergone vast improvement in recent years both as regards the size of its flowers and its colour range. Some of the modern varieties, like Eileen May Robinson, Eileen Kelway, James Kelway, Langport Scarlet, Phyllis Kelway and Lady Astor, are all



AN IMPRESSIVE BORDER GROUP OF PERENNIAL LARKSPURS IN SHADES OF BLUE AND VIOLET.

outstanding among the singles, while for the doubles I should suggest Carl Vogt, the earliest and purest of all the whites; Pericles, Princess Mary, Lord Rosebery and T. N. Twerdy, which are all first-rate kinds.

To lend dignity to the planting scheme for early summer and to break the monotony of level in the border, there is no better plant than the *eremurus*. The time is ripe for the planting of its peculiar cartwheel roots, for it must establish itself before the onset of severe conditions. There is no difficulty about its



BEARDED IRISES AND HYBRID LUPINS, ONE OF THE MOST CHARMING ASSOCIATIONS OF THE EARLY SUMMER BORDER.

cultivation provided it has good drainage and a flat tile placed below its root crown, and is protected from the ravages of slugs in spring, when its fat crowns emerge through the surface. *E. himalaicus*, *robustus* and the giant *Elwesianus* are all noble plants of impressive grandeur with their spires of white and pink blossoms, and to those might be added a group of the attractive yellow *E. Bungei* or the salmon and bronze *E. Warei*, or some of their beautiful hybrids.

These are among the dominant plants of the hardy flower border—the real aristocrats of any well planned scheme—and there is no better time of year to attend to their placing and rearrangement, and to add to their numbers by the making of fresh plantings of some of the more recent and greatly improved varieties, than during the early weeks of October so that they may settle themselves comfortably before the winter and provide a tolerably good display the first spring after planting. G. C. TAYLOR.

COLOUR IN THE SPRING GARDEN

THIS, I may be told, is not the most appropriate time to write of bulbs and their planting. All good gardeners will long since have despatched their orders to their respective bulb dealers, and doubtless have already completed much of their contemplated planting schemes. According to all the canons of gardening, crocuses and all the miniature fry whose blossoms colour the bare earth in early spring should already have been consigned to the ground some weeks ago, and daffodils should be in the process of being set. That is as the textbook has it and as the bulb catalogues, which are already old, would have the gardener do. But there are few gardeners who garden according to time and the calendar, much as such a course is, perhaps, desirable. Rather do they take their various tasks more leisurely and let the weather and other conditions decide as to when they will plant. As far as bulb planting is concerned, it is a pernicious habit with the majority, and I include myself among the number, to put off planting as long as possible, and although September is acknowledged to be the best month for the setting of such things as daffodils, crocuses, grape hyacinths and the rest, in nine gardens out of ten the main bulb plantings are always a task for October. A week or two's delay in the planting of bulbs makes little or no difference when flowering-time comes round, but with daffodils, crocuses, snowdrops and muscari planting later than mid-October brings less satisfactory results than during the few weeks previous. I believe in making a start about mid-September, except, of course, in the case of such things as colchicums and any choice and expensive varieties of daffodils, which must be got into the ground as early as practicable in late July or early August, beginning with the snowdrops, which do best when planted early, grape hyacinths, chionodoxas, crocuses, scillas and daffodils. Then follow hyacinths if they are to be included in a bedding scheme and, lastly, the tulips, the planting of which can extend into early and mid-November without harm coming to the bulbs or the spring display being in any way affected. In fact, it will be time enough if all the tulips are in their place by the end of November, for, generally speaking, the too early planting of tulips results in frost injury in spring and a distinct tendency

to the "fire" disease, which was so widespread this year owing to precocious growth and the continual wet.

A glance through the various bulb catalogues which have reached me from near and far has revealed the welcome news that this year the prices for most bulbs are greatly reduced compared to those ruling for the last few years. A kindly season has, no doubt, been responsible for a good crop of bulbs, and some lists I have examined closely show a marked drop in the prices of daffodils, tulips and hyacinths which would indicate that the supply is large and most probably in excess of even the anticipated demand. Here is a chance that gardeners should not miss, for with cheaper prices ruling, more extensive plantings can be undertaken and a greater number of varieties included. A good deal has been heard recently about British-grown bulbs, and displays of tulips in the public parks have shown what our bulb growers can do, and I would put in a plea for the planting of home-grown bulbs, and particularly daffodils and tulips, where possible. There should be little difficulty in obtaining the home product, for the supply has greatly increased within this last year or two, and there are now many growers with large areas under daffodils and tulips—the daffodils largely in the south-western counties and the tulips in the fertile district round Spalding. The English bulb is smaller in size, but is in no way inferior as regards its flowering qualities, and, so far as I can judge from a comparison of prices, the cost is decidedly in favour of the home production, and when a large number is being bought the question of price is worthy of serious consideration.

There is probably no family of plants endowed with greater beauty and charm than those which are classed as bulbs. It may be their time of flowering and their striking contrast with their surroundings that gives them a greater beauty in our eyes and makes them more welcome than other flowers, but no matter the reason, it is certain that the garden where they are absent cannot compare in its spring beauty with the one where they have been set in beds and borders, in the woodland and by the lakeside with a lavish hand. Remarkably few plants lend themselves to such varied treatment and are so accommodating in their requirements. It matters little whether the ground is



DAFFODIL DRIFTS BY THE WATERSIDE.

light or heavy, sand, clay or chalk, or whether one gardens on an exposed hill top or in the depth of a sheltered valley, bulbs will flourish just the same. It would, perhaps, be a little more than could be expected if there were no exceptions, and there are cases, which only go to prove the rule, where some want their requirements attended to if they are to give of their best. Daffodil King Alfred is a case in point. To give this lovely trumpet a heavy soil is to bring about its rapid doom. It wants a warm light soil to do really well. Daffodils flourish best in a rich deep loam, which should be well drained, and tulips, if anything, prefer a slightly stiffer medium. But anything in the nature of a very heavy soil should be avoided for tulips, unless the bulbs are being lifted every year. All the others are not particular, and will succeed in the soil one has to offer them, where they may remain undisturbed for years. Chionodoxas, grape hyacinths, crocuses, snowdrops, scillas and daffodils should all be allowed to remain in their places and left alone so long as they are flowering well. You cannot judge of the beauty of chionodoxas, grape hyacinths and scillas the first year after planting, for, in general, the display is poor unless remarkably good-sized bulbs have been obtained. Leave them alone and they will be much better the second year, and by the third they will get fully into their stride. For this reason they are best for naturalising in the shrubbery border and in open beds in the woodland or on shady banks. On the whole we do not make sufficient use of these three subjects. The gardener who is out for picturesque spring effects and sheets of shimmering blue to light up his shrubbery and woodland glade cannot do better than scatter generously *Scillas hispanica* and *nutans* (both of which will flourish in thin grass), the rich blue *Chionodoxa sardensis*, the blue and white *C. Luciliae* (which will also succeed if the grass is not overpowering) and the charming *Muscari Heavenly Blue* with its elegant miniature spiral cones of deep blue fragrant bells, which last in full beauty for several weeks and which come up cheerfully every year even in dense shade. For my own part, I like to carpet the ground beneath witch hazels, the early spiræas, forsythias, cherries and almonds with the chionodoxas, winter aconites, scillas and muscari, for such associations provide the most charming combinations.

Of crocuses, what can one say? They should be planted with freedom in border and woodland path and allowed to paint the swelling mounds beneath the trees in streaks of silver, purple and gold. Plant them in thick clusters and in sweeping drifts that thread their way in and out through the trees. There are varieties in plenty to choose from, and besides the more handsome Dutch varieties, which flower later, several of the winter and early spring-flowering species should be chosen to extend their season of beauty.



CROCUSES CARPETING GRASSY MOUNDS UNDER TREES.

As crocuses are to the woodland in February so daffodils are in late March and April. There is no more charming way of using the daffodil than to naturalise it on the outskirts of the garden in bold drifts, which, although of irregular and natural outline, still retain some individuality of form. Let there be no mathematical precision in planting, but throw out the bulbs with a wide sweep of the arm and plant where they fall. Only by such a method will one achieve the beauty that is Nature's. There the bulbs may be left and neither coddled nor pampered, and in a few years' time they will crowd themselves in masses which call out for division and extension. Make a point of never planting mixtures, but keep one variety to a drift so that a massed beauty is obtained and not a spotty effect, which would result from the association of varieties which flower at different times. There is no better time for woodland planting than now, when the ground is softened by rain, and to give the bulbs every chance clear away all shrubby undergrowth and coarse, rank weeds, and remember that the daffodil wants a little sun and will not succeed in dense woodland. Among the best varieties for naturalising and those which can be obtained in quantity at a reasonable figure are Emperor, Empress, Mme de Graaff, Golden Spur, Sir Watkin, Lucifer, Barrii conspicuus and Poeticus ornatus.

Tulips are for the more sedate and ordered parts of the garden. They must be offered a comfortable and open bed or border that they may flourish with any success for two or three years. They are not impossible in grass, and I have seen gardens where a few thousands have been planted, but while a glorious display was afforded the first year after planting, it gradually dwindled away, the reason being that the tulip after flowering wants a good biding in the sun, and with a heavy covering of grass or other herbage such is impossible, with the result that the bulbs finally peter out. Tulips to do well want an open but not exposed to draughts, which induces "fire") and sunny position. So great is the range of shades in the modern tulip that the gardener with an artistic eye and imagination can plan all kinds of the most charming schemes. He may use them in the beds with some carpeting plants like myosotis, cerastium, violas, double white arabis or wallflowers, or he may choose to mass them by themselves, when there is nothing to rival them in their baroque splendour.

There is no end to the colour combinations they offer, but it is wise to rest content with the more simple schemes and to use those shades which one knows rather than dabble dangerously with something new and so bring disaster to the spring scheme. And another way in which you may make your tulips look really well, is to provide them with good backgrounds, an evergreen hedge or a grey stone wall for preference.



A MOST CHARMING COLOUR COMBINATION FOR A SPRING BEDDING DISPLAY.
The pink Tulip Clara Butt rising from a sea of blue forget-me-nots.